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BY FISHER SIMPSON.

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MIRTH, MANNERS, MAXIMS,

AND MEN,

BEING A SERIES OF MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, COMIC, SATIRICAL AND SERIOUS.

BY

FISHER SIMPSON.

"Satire's my weapon; but I'm too discreet
"To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet."
—POPE.

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PREFACE.

In presenting the following unpretending little Volume as a candidate for a small share of public favor, the Author is conscious of many defects and shortcomings, but trusts to the leniency of an indulgent public to accept any little fun, or amusement which his crude fancies may afford, as some compensation for any shortcomings that are manifest.

Some of the scraps accumulated here have already been published separately in various periodicals, and the amusement derived by many friends, from some of the more humorous productions induces the Author to give them, with others, a more extensive circulation.

That the little work will escape the merciless criticism of some he does not for one moment suppose ; but if it affords amusement and recreation to the general public and is appreciated by them, he will feel amply satisfied.

It has been more than once said, that "He who'd make a pun would pick a pocket," but the Author is sanguine that the readers of his little book will derive sufficient enjoyment from harmless play upon words, where it occurs, to make them admit at least, that their pockets have not been picked in the purchase of the little work.

865181

Errata.

Page 79, 20th line, for "deserv'd," read *deservèd.*

Page 103, 28th line, the word "my" omitted. Read:
"But now she is my bride."

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COMIC AND SATIRICAL POEMS.

THE GREAT BARNETBOW SEMIBREVIC, ORATORIC, AND GLEE UNION.

I.

In the town of Barnetbow,
Not a hundred years ago,
There were amateur musicians, not a few,
Who resolved that there should be
A select society
Of all amateurs who zealous were, and true.

II.

On success they all were bent,
So an invitation sent
To each amateur whose name to them was known.
And a day they did appoint,
When, by taking action joint,
In two senses they might give the thing a *tone*.

III.

The appointed day arrived,
When all those who had contrived
To be present, met in highest state of *glee*.
For their prospects at a glance
Seemed to promise a fair chance
Of establishing a *sound* society.

IV.

Of the ladies, a *full score*,
Or it may be a few more,
Who sang alto, or soprano, or sang both.
Some the piano too could touch,
Many more could not do much,
But to be excluded all were very loth.

V.

Then the gents, a motley crew,
Who all sorts of things could do,
Singing alto, tenor, baritone, or bass.
Fiddles, flutes, and a saxhorn,
All with souls for music born,
Crowded in, and struggled hard to get a place.

VI.

Mister Randall first arose,
And he briefly did propose
On a chairman they should first be all agreed.
So, without much more ado
They proposed a name or two,
And suggested that the business should proceed.

VII.

All formalities soon o'er,
They agreed that nothing more
Now remained, except the members to enrol.
All invited gave their names,
Men and boys, sweet girls and dames,
Those who sang and those who played, a medley droll.

VIII.

Such a formidable Band
Ne'er was seen throughout the land,
And the choir was unequalled anywhere,
As they said, you'll always find
Singers, players, string and wind,
In such numbers, so united very rare

IX.

For their feelings were so kind,
They agreed they did not mind
Any sacrifice made for the common good;
No conductor they would need,
But each member should instead
Give his own opinion in a kindly mood.

X.

Said a poet of great fame
Long ago, "What's in a name?"
But the members thought their name should be no puny 'un;
They aspired high, and so
Named it "The Great Barnetbow
"Semibrevic, Oratoric, and Glee Union."

XI.

They would start as neighbours ought,
And when music had been bought,
On a given night for practice they would meet.
Each returned to his own home,
Longing for that night to come,
The anticipation seeming twofold sweet.

XII.

Then for music each one wrote,
Some in sol-fa, some old note,
Oratorios and anthems, songs and glees;
While a lively few resolved
That whatever it involved
Some quadrilles and galops them alone would please.

XIII.

Lots of music of each sort
Very speedily was bought,
And old amateurs turned out contents of drawers,
Mouldy books were dried and aired,
Broken fiddles were repaired,
And new strings and bows were laid in stock by scores.

XIV.

Then each lady tried her voice,
And endeavoured to make choice
Of the part that she herself would like to sing;
What with some who now were old,
And no end who had a cold,
To decide was found a somewhat awkward thing.

XV.

For in nearly every case,
After many a grimace,
She who could sing alto, much preferred the lead;
While soprano voices thought
It was really time they ought
To be allowed to sing the alto part instead.

XVI.

Cures for colds were vainly sought,
Pounds of lozenges were bought,
Bronchial troches made by "Brown" were sucked *ad lib*,
While each one began to boast
Of the concerts (such a host)
At which they'd sung, and told full many a "fib."

XVII.

But the great eventful night
Came at length, 'mid much delight;
And the members all assembled in the hall,
Fiddle cases, music books,
Singers, all with cheerful looks,
Players, with their instruments both great and small.

XVIII.

Then the tuning-up occurred,
Reader, have you ever heard
That performance by a very third-rate band?
If you've not, then I entreat
Do not seek for such a treat:
If you have, why, all its charms you'll understand.

XIX.

Mister Brown was certain that
Mister Jones was "awful flat,"
And the double bass, he said, was out of tune.
Then the bass began to carp,
And declared that "Brown" was sharp,
While another laid the fault on the bassoon.

XX.

And not only was there this,
But a great deal more amiss.
E'en the singers could not very well agree,
For a middle-aged mamma
Would persist that in each "bar"
It was right to count thirteen, instead of three.

XXI.

Then the choice of music too
Was not left to just a few;
But the members gave opinions most diverse,
Till a medley most unique,
Which to play would take a week,
Made confusion, great already, even worse.

XXII.

Mister Drake preferred "Mozart,"
Misses Jones said they'd no heart
For such "trash," and only cared for lively glees;
While Master Johnny Randall
Swore unless they studied "Handel,"
He should stay away as oft as he might please.

XXIII.

Thus it was they quickly learnt,
Though so well disposed, they wer'nt
To be trusted to conduct themselves alone.
So at length they all agreed
That they only stood in need
Of a Leader whose authority they'd own.

XXIV.

They could all with greatest ease
See what was the real disease;
But the choice of a conductor was more hard,
For each thought himself the best,
And made little of the rest,
So each candidate in turn they did discard.

XXV.

But at length a compromise,
Which was voted very wise,
Was proposed, and in due course agreed upon.
To conduct, each one might burn,
So they all should have a turn,
And the first conductor should commence anon.

XXVI.

So, 'mid fuss, and much parade,
A fair start at length was made,
And a concert was announced without delay.
Then the programme, a bit later
Was prepared, with Stabat Mater,
Operatic gems, selections, grave and gay.

XXVII.

Songs and glees by scores rehearsed,
Resolutions made, reversed.
Comic songs were mixed with overtures sublime,
Instrumental solos tried,
While each with the other vied
In producing the most noise in the worst time.

XXVIII.

They who knew the most were meek,
They who nothing knew, had "cheek."
So the worst performers took the highest post,
While the few with common sense,
Who made very slight pretence,
Had the least to do, although they knew the most.

XXIX.

As the concert became due,
More intense excitement grew.
And the Barnetbonians, bent upon a treat,
Filled the Barnetbow Town Hall,
Body, gallery, and stall;
Ne'er before was such a concourse known to meet.

XXX.

Then with ostentatious show
All the fiddlers formed a row,
Trumpets, flutes, bassoons, and basses,—then a pause;
While the choir, in full dress,
Looking charming, you may guess,
Filled the orchestra, 'mid bursts of loud applause.

XXXI.

Now, the gent who had conducted
At the practices, instructed
All the members to commence on the third "beat"
In the opening overture;
But impressed them to be sure
And remember in the middle a repeat.

XXXII.

But memories perverse
Often prove a mortal curse:
And it happened just so in the present case,
For the bass began too soon,
While the fiddlers, out of tune,
Started wrong at first, and never found their place.

XXXIII.

Such confusion then ensued,
It was clearly not much good
To attempt to pull together any more.
So each one on his own hook,
A distinctive course soon took,
Playing what came first, until the piece was o'er.

XXXIV.

But no sooner was it done
Than throughout the Hall begun,—
Not a hiss ; but most vociferous applause.
And what's more, tho' it seems comical—
Unless it was ironical—
There were heard throughout no end of loud éncores.

XXXV.

Though the overture was hashed,
The performers were'nt abashed,
For they promptly rose, intending to respond ;
But a hearty burst of laughter,
Which they all remembered after,
Made them feel of public playing far less fond.

XXXVI.

Followed this a song or two,
And of anthems just a few,
Then another such performance by the Band.
While a solo on the fiddle,
Which broke down about the middle,
Brought the programme to a termination grand.

XXXVII.

The performers home did sneak,
But they met again next week,
And in wrath resolved to ascertain the reason
Of the failure they had made
After all attention paid,
Some one surely had been guilty of high treason.

XXXVIII.

But altho' they all concurr'd
The performance was absurd,
Yet, not one would own that he himself was wrong.
The Band swore they were right,
The Conductor they were "tight,"
Each resorting to recriminations strong..

XXXIX.

Mister Fiddlejohn declared
He himself was quite prepared
To make affidavit he played every note :
While the Clarionet squeaked out
That the Trombone put him out,
And a Singer swore he'd something in his throat.

XL.

Then the Trombone in disgust
Said he hoped that he might "bust"
If he ever played with such a crew again.
Without further hesitation
Tendered he his resignation,
Such remarks he felt his character might stain.

XLI.

Upon this, near half the Band
Said they really could not stand
Such a slur upon the Trombone's reputation.
They should all resign forthwith,
For they thought that Mister Smith
Had good cause for his most righteous indignation.

XLII.

No remonstrance would avail,
For the party all turned tail,
And appeared upon the scene again no more.
Then the Choir followed suit,
And a Fiddle and a Flute
But remained, the sad disruption to deplore.

XLIII.

The Society was thus
Without any pomp, or fuss,
Then dissolved ; and all the members did disperse.
Fastest friends they all had started,
Bitter enemies they parted,
For the intercourse decidedly the worse.

XLIV.

Some wise one's said they "knew
"Such an Union would'nt do,
"But of course no one attended to their pleadings."—
While the clever cards did own
That 'twas best to play alone,
Or to "star" at rural village penny readings.

THE HORSEY-MULE-ASSICAL CLUB.

A LEGEND WITH A MORAL.

Some miles from here,
When meat was dear,
A hundred years ago,
A lot of folk
Swore 'twas no joke,
And vowed the cause they'd know.
And so they met
To learn it, yet
No light on it was thrown;
So being vexed,
Bethought them next
What best was to be done.

Then one below
Exclaimed, "I know
"What all of you should do—
"Invite each friend
"Who'll condescend
"To join our meeting too,
"And thus a free
"Society
"Can laugh at Butcher's bills.
"We'll try a new
"Idea or two,
"Whether it cures, or kills.
"In early times
"In these same climes
"Bull beef was hardly known,

"While horses' flesh
"Was deemed a dish
"Fit, not for dogs alone,
"For Christian men
"Enjoyed it then,
"So why should we not now.
"A mule, or ass
"You can't surpass
"If rightly dressed, I trow."

On this most sublime subject of "grub,"
All the members then met at a "pub."
And each one was install'd
In a club, which they called
"THE HORSEY-MULE-ASSICAL CLUB."

The Chairman, a cl*assical* gent,
Was on punishing butchers now bent.
As for beef, and for mutton,
Why, he cared not a button,
And to do without either he meant.

Said he, "Friends, every joint you'll obtain
For a moderate price, I maintain.
You may have lots of 'courses'
From asses and horses,
And you'll relish your food in the *main*.

A *h*eel pie is as easily made
From an animal who, in life, brayed,
As from long slimy fish.
And a savoury dish
May be got from a donkey decayed.

If a *saddle* of mutton is dear,
The alternative surely is clear.
Have horse *saddle* instead,
With a slice of new bread,
And from hunger you've nothing to fear.

Once again, there's the soup made from hare,
Why I don't care a snap for that 'ere,
For horse *hair* does as well,
And there is'nt much smell
(Nor taste either), so we need'nt care.

Then the tongue of a horse,—at least some,
Very tender in time would become,
Any fool could bite it,
For it's often *near bit*
During life, which perhaps makes it dumb."

Horsey—mule—assicalians, all
Young and old, women, men, great and small,
Vowed that henceforth they'd be,
And that only these three
Kinds of meat would they eat till next "call."

* * * * * *

When twelve months had elapsed, the most awful results
Manifested themselves on both young and adults ;
For the new-fashioned meat had so altered them all,
That their personal habits began to appal.

A most dignified gent, who had eaten a "hack,"
Had a *saddle* full size growing out of his back ;
While the *rains* seemed to irritate old men and young,
And one lady unconsciously *bridled* her tongue.

Some had learnt to tell *tales*, one was growing "*long-eared*,"
While a parson pulled too much at *collar* 'twas feared ;
Of another all *traces* were lost, that was "*Bray*,"
And a miser when asked for some cash gave a *nay*.

Then another commenced soon to ill-use his wife,
Took to *kicking* and *biting*, and threatened her life ;
Upright conduct discarding, he went on all fours,
Brought her to*e* when she fainted, by *heel*ing her sores.

But the saddest results of this *horsey*-fication,
Were some terrible cases of *ass-ass*-ination ;
For each Butcher received an attack on his life,
And the Club to this day maintain war to the *knife*.

MORAL.

Reduce the price of Meat, and let the Donkeys live.

THE NOSE CLUB.

"UNION is Strength," and thus it is, I trow,
The human family always unite.
Some take upon themselves the marriage vow
Under the Church's blessing,—or in spite
Of all that's right,
Themselves together link, for good or bad,—
More often in such case it is the latter,—
And ask no Church's blessing; tho' 'tis sad
They seem to think such trifles do not matter.
Others agree to Deed of Partnership—
Oft *dis*agree almost ere they embark.—
Plurality appears a safe bulwark,
Unless, perchance, one makes an awkward slip.—
So Corporations, and Societies,
Committees too, and Clubs are often formed,
For numbers seem peculiarly to please,
By intercourse our hearts are often warmed.

However, be the reason this, or that,
Somehow, men won't go singly; but prefer
To meet in numbers, even though they hate
The very fellows with whom they confer.
Thus folks combine for objects most diverse,
And keep for their pet scheme one common purse;
Some to provide the blacks with gospel news,
And some to preach new gospels to the whites.
Others provide street arabs with new shoes,
Another one to black gents' boots delights.
Some aim at finding blankets for the poor,
Some try to find some poor to use the blankets.
Some meet for what is vulgarly called "jaw,"
And some just to exhibit dress and trinkets.

I know a Club, the name I'll not reveal,
But simply with the fact propose to deal.
Do not imagine I am throwing chaff
To catch old birds, nor greet me with a laugh
When I declare the object of this Club,
Which holds its meetings at a well-known "pub,"
Is to discover just which member grows
The largest *raspberry* Nose.

The Club is thoroughly well organised
With President, Committee, Rules most clear,
And scores of Members who are duly prized
According to the *nose* each one can rear.
In a weak moment once I did attempt
To join this Club, but little had I dreamt
How clan-like and exclusive were the sect.
Nor had I thought how soon they could detect
My lack of fitness for full membership,
Until I underwent a scrutiny
Most keen, and had the "tip" that my nose *tip*
Had not sufficient of the "raspberry"
At present, to entitle me to join,
In spite of all I offered them in coin.

The President had a most splendid nose,
'Twas quite a pattern for the smaller fry
In size and color; but do not suppose
You'll cultivate one soon, so do not try.
His was the rich reward of many years
Of true allegiance to the ruby cup,—
That cup which Templars good say never cheers,
But oft inebriates all those who sup,
He did sometimes protest with modesty,
That really it was only honesty
To say the credit was not all his own.
'Twas constitutional in him as well,
But those who knew him best, said he alone
Had perfected that organ made to smell.

Not so the Secretary, who had once
Been president of a Good Templar lodge ;
But speedily the cause he did renounce,
Convinced he knew a better paying dodge,
So joined the "Nose Club," and to cultivate
A *raspberry* resolved, altho' full late ;
And to his credit, be it said, he spared
No pains, nor cash, that he might soon produce
A nose such as the president had reared :
But he, in time, discovered 'twas no use,
For as to knowledge there's no royal road,—
And Rome, 'tis said, was not built in a day.
So, notwithstanding endless care bestow'd,
And frequent drinks, for which he had to pay,
His nose, tho' great proportions it assumed
Yet, never fully bloomed.

One brother, who was in the spirit line,
Had taken six successive years the prize
For having of all noses the most fine,
Not only in bright color, but great size.
'Twas said this nose had cost a thousand pound,
And that its size was such, its owner found
It difficult at times to see beyond.
Nevertheless, he was of it so fond,
That of all comforts he himself would drain,
That he might still this blooming nose maintain.
But there was one case which was really sad,
A promising young man, for seven years,
Had struggled hard, 'mid many doubts and fears,
Just to develope what small nose he had ;
Until its size
Should block both eyes,
And he might rise
Thus in the eyes
And estimation of each brother "nose."
But when I say it, you will scarce suppose
It possible, that try whate'er he would,
No size, nor colour he could e'er induce.
Though freely he imbibed malt liquor good,
Old Tom, Martell's, and Grape's seductive juice,

Like a balloon his body did expand.
His nerves gave way, he lost his steady hand—
And legs as well,—but though it may seem strange,
His *nose* would never change.

But on a very special night at length,
The members all assembled in full strength,
Some very urgent business to discuss,
When the most cruel catastrophe occurr'd,
Which ever you conceived, much less have heard,
And caused throughout the town an endless fuss.
The members all appeared, a goodly throng,
The business o'er, each on enjoyment bent,
With oft filled glasses and convivial song ;
Passion unchecked by mutual consent,
Loud and more loud their laughter did become,
As disappeared each bowl of hot punch rum :
Faces grew red, till then as white as snow,
And every nose assumed a fiery glow.
Each one was soaked in spirit overproof,
Forgetting what concerned his own behoof,
When suddenly a *spark* fell from a "briar,"
And every NOSE CAUGHT FIRE.
In vain for help each to the other turned ;
In vain they shrieked, the spirit in them burned.
A flame from every nose-tip soon appeared,
By saturated bodies kept supplied ;
Outsiders, long shut out, rushed in and tried
T'extinguish it ; but for a time 'twas feared
The license "to *consume* upon the premises"
Included not *spirits* alone, but *carcases*.
But 'tis a long lane which has not a turn,
And lamps but seldom will for ever burn.
So from exhaustion sheer, it is presumed,
Aided by pots of tea, without a doubt,
When all the spirits in them were consumed,
Their noses were put out.
But "Tipplers" to this day the mark retain,
And hence it happens always, I suppose,
Whoe'er indulges in a frequent "drain,"
Displays a FIERY NOSE.

A SPECTRAL ILLUSION.

'Twas on a cold and frosty night
In January bleak,
The ground beneath with snow was white.
The clouds did storm bespeak.
A proper night indeed, it seemed
For ghosts and sprites to roam ;
Events of which I little dreamed,
Took me away from home.

On that eventful night of fears,
My " Dad " did entertain
Old friends he had not seen for years,
And might not meet again.
And as they smoked a cigarette
Over my father's wine,
They made a most peculiar bet,
As you'll think, I opine.

Our house was half-a-mile, or more,
Beyond the Churchyard green,
And villagers had learnt of yore
That near that spot was seen
The Ghost of a rich nobleman,
Who, murdered years ago,
Still prompt at twelve each night began
His ghastly form to show.

So great a hold this legend had
Upon the village mind,
That none were found, however bad,
Who dared for cash or kind,
Inside the Churchyard ever go
Much after dusk at night.
Indeed a "luney" once did so,
But died, 'twas said, from fright.

The Sexton, who e'en shared the dread,
The Church doors left unlocked,
Lest he should intercept the dead—
'Twas said the Ghost once knocked.—
Besides, he ridiculed the thought
Of any man alive
Inside the Churchyard being caught,
Later than four, or five.

My father's guests had heard the tale,
And of it now they spoke;
The bulk believed it, and turned pale,
Father thought it a joke.
He said he had a little son
Not fourteen years of age,
Who'd go inside the Church at *one*,
For any sum they'd wage.

The challenge was accepted, and
My father sent for me;
I thought my mission very grand,
But not from dread quite free.
It was arranged that I should go,
Ascend the pulpit stair,
And bring the Bible back, to show
I'd really ventured there.

If I accomplished it, I was
To have the five-pound bet ;
If not, 'twould be my father's loss,
And I should nothing get.
One young companion I might take
For company, they said ;
Then off I went, all haste to make,
And hurry back to bed.

I called for a companion, who,
As might be well surmised,
On hearing what I had to do,
Was frightened, and surprised ;
Yet said he could not say me nay,
To go alone 'twas hard ;
And soon we found ourselves half way
Towards the old Churchyard.

The road, a dismal one at best,
Most awful now appeared;
And stealthily as on we pressed,
Our very shadows feared.
Thick clouds above eclipsed the moon,
High trees o'erhung our path,
And seemed to shake as if they soon
Would crush us in their wrath.

No human form was there in view,
No voice to break the gloom ;
In dismal moans the wild wind blew,
All death-like as the tomb.
When suddenly the moon shone out,
Revealing to our sight
The old Churchyard without a doubt,
And—A STRANGE FORM IN WHITE.

With piercing shriek my young friend rushed
Away,—I stood alone,
My lips were parched, my cheeks were flushed,
I uttered a faint groan.
But suddenly recovering,
I vainly tried to pierce
The darkness,—Fears still smothering
And struggling to feel fierce.

Then summoning all courage to
My aid, I pushed the gate
Ajar, and entered, for I knew
I dare no longer wait.
My very flesh all seemed to crawl,
My hair to stand on end ;
As with my hand on the Church door,
My doom seemed to impend.

But no,—I thought,—'twas fancy, caused
By over-heated brain ;
So stepped inside the Church,—then paused—
And listened once again.—
I heard no sound, so boldly walked
Straight up the aisle,—when, lo !
Through the Church door the *white form* stalked
With stately step and slow.

I paused—it paused—onward I went,
It slowly moved ahead.
On finishing my task still bent,
Yet filled with awful dread,
I clasped the pulpit rails,—then stopped,
The footsteps stopped also,
I felt as if I must have dropped,
No further could I go.—

Again I conquered my alarm,
Rushed up the pulpit-stair,
The Bible clasped beneath my arm,
To move I hardly dare.
How if the murdered noble's ghost,
In righteous anger craves
To punish to the uttermost
Him who his anger braves.

In desperation then I stirr'd,
Ran down the pulpit-stair,
The footsteps still in front I heard,
But I resolved to dare
The ghostly power, against it steeled,
Be it to bless, or damn,
When suddenly the moon revealed
No ghost—but a WHITE LAMB.

With feelings I can scarcely tell,
I hastened home that night;
I'd learnt that 'tis not always well
To trust, e'en your own sight.
My father was delighted at
The *spirit* I displayed,
His friends delighted most in that
By which I was waylaid.

JOHN DOW.

JOHN DOW was a Baker of local renown ;
And by all who knew best, it was said,
That however obscure his position might be,
He certainly was not ill-*bred*.

In his childhood he well knew what poverty was,
And in manhood he always indeed
Found the greater his business—this was a fact—
The more constantly he was in *knead*.

Though he daily distributed bread to the poor,
Yet by doing so profit he gained ;
So this thought ever uppermost was in his mind,
That a *loafer* he always remained.

In religion he was not a Spiritualist,
Yet it did sometimes happen by chance,
That although *table turning* was not in his line,
In his trade he did make *a-bun-dance*.

But in jugglery he must have been quite *au fait*,
And I think you will own he was smart ;
For it frequently happened in course of his trade,
Out of *sweets* he made many a *tart*.

But he soon became poor, and tho' bread he'd oft made,
He experienced the lack of the same ;
And as poverty waxed, and he ate his last *crumb*,
The more *crusty* he daily became.

Then it happened one day as he made up some dough,
Like a soldier he fell, of a truth ;
For he fell at his post, head first into the trough,
And thus died in the *flour* of his youth.

A SONG,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

I'M one of those young urchins whom
You often see about,
For whom the School Board officers
Are on the sharp look out.
I used to roam away from home
All day, and play the fool;
But 'tis a fact, the recent Act
Has driven me to school.

Chorus.—Moods and tenses worry my senses,
Adverbs, verbs, and nouns as well;
They only vex me, and perplex me,
Right from wrong I ne'er can tell.

I learn to speak correctly now,
Or hope to do in time;
But in the grammar I can see
No reason, rule, nor rhyme.
For rules give place in many a case
To some exception queer;
And many a word is made absurd,
If you to rules adhere.

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

Thus if you *catch* a cold, you say
That you a cold have *caught;*
But if a person you have *scratched*,
You'd never say you *scraught.*
You'd speak with sense in the past tense,
Of *fly*, to say I *flew*;
But past of *cry* sounds all my eye,
If you should say I *crew.*

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

Again, if you a horse should *buy*,
You'd say a horse I *bought;*
But if that horse you were to *try*,
You would'nt say I *trought.*
I think you'll own its plainly shown
The past of *sink* is *sunk;*
But if a lady *winks* at you,
You would'nt say she *wunk.*

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

To duty's post if you should *stick*,
You'd rightly say I *stuck;*
But if your finger you should *prick*,
You'd never say, I *pruck.*
Or if some time, your gun you prime
And *shoot*, you say I *shot:*
But when you've *rooted* up some plants,
It's wrong to say I *rot.*

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

Once more we speak of *thinking*,
And in the past say *thought;*
But who that has been *drinking*,
Would ever say I *drought.*
Or if you please to speak of *freeze*,
In past tense you'd say *froze;*
Yet if you'd *squeezed* a lady's hand,
You would'nt say I *squoze.*

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

It's quite correct to say I *speak*,
And in the past I *spoke;*
But still it would'nt sound correct
To say, I *speak*, I *spoke*.
A burning kiss from pretty Miss
You *steal*, and say I *stole;*
But when you *heal* her broken heart,
You should'nt say I *hole*.

Chorus.—Moods and tenses, &c.

HOW I LOST A FORTUNE.

'Twas on my twentieth birthday,
I retired late to rest;
Quite overcome by *mirth*—nay,
'Tis better all confessed.

Perhaps the *wine* assisted
To lull me off to sleep;
Whatever cause existed,
I soon found slumber deep,

But scarce I'd closed my eyelid,
Ere jumped I with a shock;
Dressed hastily, then, I slid
Down stairs,—I heard a knock.

Cold was the wind that night, as
At open door I stood
Conscious, I was as white as
A ghost, and chilled my blood.

There stood a man who told me
He'd brought the best of news;
An Uncle had left gold, he
Said, I should not refuse.

Scarce crediting my ears, I
With him then hasten'd off;
And soon, 'mid joyful tears, I
Beheld undoubted proof,

Ten thousand pounds was left me,
A mansion, too, beside ;
The news almost bereft me
Of senses,—not my pride.

Straightway I gave up living
As I had done before :
Scorned walking, took to driving
A carriage drawn by four.

Grand parties I gave daily
Inviting all the "nobs ;"
Lived pleasantly and gaily,
Treating old friends as "snobs."

One day I sat expecting
Gay friends, and many joys ;
Just then self recollecting
I heard an awful noise.

While vainly speculating
On what might be the cause,
I heard my father beating
Against my chamber doors.

Starting, I found, alas ! of
My hopes, not e'en a gleam ;
And when I'd drank a glass of
Water, found 'twas A DREAM.

I found myself in bed, 'wake,
Just as the night before ;
An awful splitting head-ache,
Father knocking at the door.

EIGHT HOURS AT THE SEA-SIDE FOR HALF-A-CROWN.

"To Brighton and back for a paltry half-crown,"
Who would'nt find time just to take a run down
And enjoy a few hours of bracing sea air,
Right away from the Shop, and its trouble and care !

So we quickly resolve the Excursion to take,
And for next Sunday morning arrangements we make ;
Pack the old carpet-bag with a knick-knack or two,
Trundle off to the Station, just as the train 's due.
Taking tickets is soon *said*, but not so soon *done*,
And we've many a struggle before we get one.
But at length, when we're seated, all ready to start,
With shriek and a whistle we slowly depart.

Now the joys of Excursionists quickly commence,
We are favoured with song, full of noise, if not sense ;
With a boisterous chorus devoid of all words,
And the parts pitched in all keys, first, seconds, and thirds.
Then the babies start off in a terrible fright
At the noise, and they bellow with all of their might ;
But both women and men have their comfort quite handy
In the shape of some bottled gin, porter, or brandy,—
Which they freely imbibe, with the object no doubt
Of maintaining their strength all the journey throughout.
Rank cigars, and foul pipes give a beautiful smell
With a number of flavours we scarcely can tell :
But if ever you've met with a case so propitious,
You'll know that these flavours combined are delicious.
Now with patient endurance the journey is done,
And at length into Brighton we steadily run.

Then we quickly disperse, on a holiday bent,
But how strangely diverse are the ways it is spent.
Some for boating go in, some resolve on a "dip,"
Others sit on the shingle and watch for a ship:
But the far greater portion believe in the notion
'Tis best to commence sea-side life with a potion.
So they enter the first public-house that they meet,
And revive drooping *spirits* with spirits quite "neat:"
And believing the maxim, "go farther, fare worse,"
They will no farther go till they empty their purse.
Being out on the *loose*, they will try to get *tight*,
So they sit there and drink until train time at night:
Though absurd it may seem, yet the fact remains true,—
Though the Sea-side they visit, the Sea they ne'er view.

The return journey home is the crowning delight,
Three parts of the folk being awfully "tight;"
Some are noisy and quarrelsome, some full of fun,
Others sleep—there's no doubt from effects of the sun.
But the lane is a long one that has not a bend,
And excursion trips come at some time to an end:
So at length we near home, and with sorrow, of course,
Hear the well-known announcement, "All change: Charing Cross."

BABYHOOD.

WHATEVER men may say in praise
Of manhood's blest estate,
I'd willingly recall the days,
Or day, from which I date
My entrance on life's busy stage,
And wish I could remain
At just that early baby age,
Altho' I wish in vain.

For altogether I maintain
A baby's life is jolly ;
And they who would not babes remain,
Are guilty of sheer folly.
For first of all, there's nothing that
A baby does, is wrong,
He's not accountable for what
He does, when he's so young.

He sleeps and eats in peacefulness,
No matter what's amiss ;
While man and womankind caress
With many a tender kiss.
He has full licence to destroy
All he can lay his hands on ;
Because he is his father's joy,
And some one else's grandson.

He vents his spleen on those he hates,
And tries to scratch their eyes out;
While every one upon him waits,
Or else his mother cries out.
He keeps late hours,—none complain,
But deem it quite a treat
To smooth his temper, soothe his pain,
Or warm his precious feet.

Or if perchance his stomach craves
For food, it must be got;
For he's a tyrant—all are slaves
Who cannot help their lot.
No politics disturb his mind,
For neither side he takes;
He cares for neither tide nor wind,
Unless his stomach aches.

Such liberties, too, he may take,
As others are denied;
He kisses ladies wide awake,
Whom men in vain have tried,
Thus babes from many ills are free,
And have all that is good;
For ease and comfort give to me
The days of Babyhood.

SELF *versus* FACE.

Extraordinary Action for Libel.

Once a Man had a row with his Face,
And the cause I will quickly unfold ;
He got sadly at times in disgrace,
Through the tales which his face of him told.

He in youth went to school with his face,
And although he oft gorged it with fruit,
It spoke ill of him throughout the place,—
Bringing him into sad disrepute.

No one trusted him, do what he would,
From his master, to each little lad ;
Though he swore he was all that was good,
They behaved just as if he was bad.

He became—as most boys do—a man,
But his trouble remained just the same ;
For his face, of his life, was the ban,
And it always gave him a bad name.

When he sought for employment, alas !
Though he had testimonials a score ;
He discovered his face would not pass,
So he always was shown to the door.

When in love it was just the same case,
For each lady would curtly reply,—
"I would ne'er trust a man with that face,
"Why, I'd rather live single, or die."

He grew whiskers, and thus tried to hide
As much of his face as he could:
"Such a face was ne'er owned," people cried,
"By a man who was up to much good."

So at length, having heard that his face
Had pronounced him a rogue and a beast,
He resolved to commence a law case,
And so prove himself honest, at least.

So an action for libel he brought
'Gainst his face—for his anger was keen;
And 'ere long it was heard in full court,
'Mid excitement that seldom is seen.

All the plaintiff's best witnesses came,
Mister Smooth-tongue, Conceit, and Old Tact;
They declared he'd a very good name,
But his face contradicted the fact.

In defence, his face pleaded the truth
Of its statements, regretting disgrace;
But the Jury, through folly or youth,
Gave a verdict condemning the FACE.

Thus the face learnt with bitter regrets,
That truth's banner must ne'er be unfurl'd;
That whatever its owner's defects,
It must show a *good face* to the world.

So it pulled itself *long* and *sedate*,
And it looked sanctimonious and good;
And its owner grew gloriously great,
As all men who have *long faces* should.

Thus for years he was prosp'rous and great,
And folks trusted him more than when young;
For his face was so long and sedate,
'It confirmed all the cant of his tongue.

But a murder at length was found out,
And the plaintiff was charged with the crime;
And the Court, notwithstanding a doubt,
Found him guilty of MURDER this time.

He protested his lot was most hard,
And the crime he most stoutly denied;
But his face was this time off its guard,
And his loud protestations belied.

Man and face ended life both together,
And their prospects were shorn of all hope;
For when he'd run the length of his *tether*,
He arrived at the end of a *rope*.

AN ODE

TO A TAX COLLECTOR.

KIND friend! how well I recollect
Thy constant efforts to collect
Queen's taxes: when thy well-known knock
Has through the house sent quite a shock,—
A thrill of pleasure, I should say,
Most keen when unprepared to pay.
Thy call how I anticipate,
And how I grieve when thou art late:
Or if, perchance, the day slips by
And thou'st not been, how sad am I.—
In justice though, I'm bound to state
'Tis very seldom thou art late.
But oh! how fleeting is thy stay
When I've the cash wherewith to pay:
Like angels' visits thine are, e'en
So very few and far between.

A NAUTICAL NARRATIVE.

JOHN DUBBINS was a Farmer's lad,
A plough-boy gay and free ;
Until from ploughing land he went
To plough the open Sea.

A roving kind of life he loved,
And none could stop his whim ;
He *hankered* for the Navy, till
The Navy *anchored* him.

But John a pretty damsel loved,
A maiden fair and slim ;
So being fond of *courtship*, found
A *Ship* had soon *caught* him.

A parting sad and sore was their's,
The maiden swooned with pain ;
She feared as he was off to *Sea*,
She'd ne'er *see* him again.

With agony and bitter pain,
From Jane himself he tore ;
She felt when all his goods *were shipped*,
She *worshipped* him the more.

And when her John had really gone,
The tear drops freely poured ;
For while she so *abhorred* the mast,
The Master was *aboard*.

So John soon found himself at Sea,
In senses more than one;
For knowing nothing *nautical*,
He *naughtily* begun.

For quick promotion he had looked,
When he went out to Sea;
But quickly found that *corporal* was
His *punishment* to be.

A Sailor's life, and biscuits too,
He found more hard than nice;
So being *rational*, he made
Small *rations* to suffice.

At length, however, he resolved
He'd shew true British pluck;
He'd *strike* for better food: but found
That he himself was *struck*.

A rope's end on his back was laid,
Awak'ning all his fears;
So much that *hard* as was his lot,
It *softened* him to tears.

He loved the Sea before he went,
But never loved it "arter";
For though the Navy caught a *Tar*,
He found he'd caught a *Tartar*.

So he resolved that he would make
His darling Jane his wife;
Instead of *fifteen knots* an hour,
He'd tie *one knot* for life.

He pleaded for his prompt discharge;
The Captain said, with jeers,—
Before he was *dismissed* himself,
He'd best *dismiss* his fears.

But John bethought him of his Jane,
And how his absence hurt her;
He'd amply met with his *deserts*,
He'd now be a *Deserter*.

So as the Captain ridiculed
His sorrowful appeals,
He thought as he'd so many *wounds*,
He'd better take to *heels*.

So when they reached the nearest Port
For which the Ship was bound,
He left the vessel safe on *Sea*,
But ran himself *aground*.

In time he reached his village home,
And vowed to pretty Jane
That now his *moorings* he had found,
He'd leave *no more* again.

Of hardships he had quite enough,
And sailing ships beside;
And having been on *deck*, he did
Bedeck her as his Bride.

A wife—a mother—soon she was,
Promotion followed faster;
For though he'd been before the *Mast*,
He'd ne'er before been *Master*.

In leisure moments John reviewed
His nautical career,
And thought a life before the *winds*
A *whistle* far too dear.

A BIOGRAPHY.

WITH A MORAL.

At the sign of "The Crown,"
In a small market town
Of no little renown, there once lived a Miss Brown,
Whose maternal relation announced on a board
That for small compensation she well could afford
To provide man and beast with such shelter and grub,
As they might, within reason, expect at a "pub."

Now, I'm bound to assert—
But hope none will feel hurt—
That Miss Brown, by report, was a terrible flirt;
But "report" often lies, so perhaps in this case
Poor Miss Brown's great offence was a fair-looking face,
Which provoked in her own sex great envy—or worse,—
But in all of the opposite, quite the reverse.

But whatever the fact,
Or however attack'd,
This is certain,—she never admirers lack'd;
For her suitors she numbered at least by the score,
And entrapped each "Commercial" who entered the door.
But whenever they sued for her *hand*, though with tears,
She bestowed it with promptness and warmth *on their cars*.

So she made it her boast,
Though of swains she'd a host,
That of chances for any there wasn't a ghost ;
For she cooled like an Iceberg as they became hot,
And the nearer they drew, the more distant she got.
While 'twas out of the question indulging a squeeze,
For they never drew aught but themselves on their knees.

Thus she conquered no end,
But would ne'er condescend
To regard any one of them but as a friend.
As to marriage, she'd treat the idea with contempt,
And would vow that from sentiment she was exempt :
While she'd *hook* every man who might fall in her way,
She had no *eye* to marriage, 'twas only in play,

So she played hard and fast,
Till her chances were past,
And she found herself getting an old maid at last.
Then she looked right and left for a partner for life,
But the gentlemen seemed to prefer a young wife ;
Though a conqueror in youth, she was now left to pine,
She'd oft been to the *glass*, she was now left to *whine.*

MORAL.

Just a word to all those
Who would multiply beaux,
But to treat them with levity when they propose.—
If its fun, yet 'tis cruel, a man's feelings to hurt,
And be sure a true woman could ne'er be a flirt.
More than this, bear in mind when you've conquered a lot,
Many *beaux* are no use, unless one ties a *knot.*

JIM SMITH.

MORAL *ad lib.*

JIM SMITH, he was as bad a boy
As ever you could know;
And always was in sad disgrace
Where ever he might go.

His father was horse-trainer to
The Earl of Tumbletim,
But said he'd ne'er trained *asses*, so
He failed in training Jim.

His mother gave him asses milk;
And when he went to school,
He gained a medal every term
For being greatest fool.

His father soon resolved what trade
He would provide him with;
A SMITH by name, with many a *vice*,
He should be a *blacksmith*.

Indentures signed, his Master soon
Commenced, young Jim to *drill*;
But though he'd *welded* him by law,
He could not *mould* his will.

His conduct, and his temper
Were most unreliable;
And though he daily *pliers* used,
He was not *pliable*.

His Master, he believed in striking
While the iron's hot :
Jim's heart was hard as iron, quite,
But warm it never got.

At length, his Master did resolve
To give him paddy-whack ;
He found he could not warm his heart,
He'd try to warm his back.—

So with a birch he quick bestowed
A dozen lashes full ;
While Jim, who'd bellows of his own,
Roared like a raving bull.

But Donkeys thrashed are Donkeys still,
And just as fond of kicking ;
So Jim was not a deal improved
With all his Master's "licking."

He soon returned to evil tricks,
But tried a novel game ;
His Master kept a *Forge*, and so
He *forged* his Master's name.

A *furnace* of affliction he
Was now in : and what's more,—
He found himself locked in a cell,
The key outside the door.

By name a *Smith* he always was,
And *black* in all his ways ;
And so it happened he remained
A *Blacksmith* all his days.

THE FIRST BABY.

"Is it a boy, or little girl?—
"Has it dark hair, and does it curl?—
"Now tell me, Nurse, what coloured eyes,
"But, goodness! how the baby cries."—

What interest first-born babies cause,
They win the parents' best applause:
No baby e'er was formed so well,
The parents' likeness all can tell.
Papa e'en takes it on his lap,
And feeds the little dear with "pap;"
While friends are all obliged to own
So sweet a baby ne'er was known.
To all defects, Mamma is blind:
Papa, the midnight squall don't mind.

But when Papa and Ma have *ten*,
How mild each new babe's welcome then.
The infant angels quickly fall,
And prove but babies after all.—
Not that the parents love them less;
But love them with more sense, I guess.

TALE OF A TAILOR.

In London Town, once on a time,
There lived a Tailor, whose
Misfortune was to have a wife
He'd dearly like to lose.
For though she helped him in his trade,
Her help he would have waived;
For while she sometimes *seamed*, yet most
Unseemly she behaved.

In *binding* coats she was expert;
Yet often they had rows,
Because she never seemed to treat
As *binding*, marriage vows.
Her husband kept good *patterns*, and
He was renowned for *fit;*
Inconstant *fits* she often had,
Her pattern few'd admit.

For while her maid was hard at work,
She used to "gad" about;
While he was *cutting out* a coat,
Why, she herself *cut out.*
She would not even press new seams,
But much preferred to roam;
No "goose" she'd use, she was not *goose*
Enough to stay at home.

He sometimes asked her if she'd stitch
In *linings* for a bit ;
But haughtily she'd say, it was
Not in her *line* one whit.
She liked a fancy kind of trade
Far more than his, she said ;
So *trimmings* being in her line,
She *trimmed* herself instead.

And so to work more hard himself,
He quickly did decide ;
Till *back-stitching* at length produced
A sharp *stitch in his side.*
Upon the board he had to work,
A lodging to afford ;
His wife did nought to help, and yet
Claimed lodging and her *board.*

He stitched, but yet became so poor—
He scarce could buy *bare thread ;*
At length, *threadbare* he did become,
And wanted daily bread.
He'd *measured* many ; but now failed
To *measure* his own woes :
He'd oft used *shears*, and now from *sheer*
Exhaustion, life did close.

THE MUSICAL COBBLER.

Mister Timothy Topp was a Cobbler by trade,
And sang bass in the village Church choir;
But his part seemed so *low*, both in music and life,
He aspired to something much higher.

Mending shoes, thought the Cobbler, is well in its way,
But then singing is much more refined;
A professional singer henceforth I will be,
And in future I'll live on the *wind*.

He had often had *soles* for repair; but he now
Had a *soul* for his music alone;
Execution he'd studied for years in his trade,
He would now commence studying *tone*.

In a neighbouring town, an engagement he sought
On the stage of a New Music Hall;
For he quickly resolved he would give up his trade,
And for music would sacrifice *awl*.

So with great expectations he fresh commenced life,
And of ultimate triumph was sure;
Having shone as an *amateur*, he would become
Quite a "star" when he got *more mature*.

But his wife soon reproached him with being untrue
To his promises made in the past;
As he vowed before marriage, with most solemn oath,
He would faithful remain to the *last*.

Notwithstanding, however, reproaches and threats,
From the *bench* he went on to the *boards;*
In his trade he had hitherto used cobbler's *thread,*
But in place thereof now he used *chords.*

But a musical course, like the course of true love,
Cannot always be said to run smooth;
And poor "Topp" soon discovered his soul-stirring strains
Neither paid, nor yet tended to soothe.

For his wages he found were so small, that he wished
He could *treble* his pay all the while;
And the *tenor* of his new professional life,
He found *bass,* if not vulgar and vile.

Though in music he found every key, yet the key
To good fortune, he never found that;
And no matter how *sharp* were the notes that he sang,
He was conscious that he had been *flat.*

So he gave up his *crotchet*; he gave up his notes,
And the loss of his trade did bewail:
He had sung his last *bar,* he would now have a *rest,*
For he found 'twas a *descending scale.*

Understanding returned—in one sense for repairs,—
And he prospered beyond all dispute;
He returned once again to the making of shoes,
And in time made his fortune to *boot.*

Moral.

Here's a moral for all who are fond of a change,
Changes often are made at a loss;
"They who rest on two stools often fall to the ground,"
And "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

A *WILLING* DONOR; or, A *SERVICEABLE* BEQUEST.

A Fact.

In Quarrytown, some years ago,
Lived one who loved his Church, Sir;
So left her *something in his will*,
Instead of *in the lurch*, Sir.
He left the Vicar sixty pounds
Towards his yearly stipend,
And for successors after him,
Until each one should life end.
But this condition he imposed,
That morn and noon each day, Sir,
The Vicar twice should read the prayers,
Or he should have no pay, Sir.

Said he, some people built a Church,
Some give a stained-glass window,
Some build alms-houses for the poor,
The halt, the maimed, the blind, too.
Some folks present a new Church clock,
While some men give a steeple;
But I will daily food provide
For souls of all poor people.
And so, henceforth, he did declare,
Both morn and noon each day, Sir;
The Vicar, twice, should read the prayers,
Or he should have no pay, Sir.

So with the thought of extra pay,
The Vicar smiled most gaily ;
And thenceforth, in St. Peter's Church,
The prayers he read twice daily.
But soon arose an awkward fix,
For sometimes it transpired
That no one came, except the Clerk,
Or Sexton, who was hired.
But still the law remained the same,—
That morn and noon each day, Sir,
The Vicar had to read the prayers,
Or he would have no pay, Sir.

Thus many Vicars aged and died,
And others did succeed them ;
But though none came to hear the prayers,
They daily had to read them.
Nor dare they ever miss a line,
So strictly did the law fit ;
For by the terms of the bequest,
Their pay they thus would forfeit.
So year by year each Vicar had
Both morn, and noon, each day, Sir,—
To read each prayer to empty pews,
Or sacrifice his pay, Sir.

One earnest Vicar, who observed
The pews were all old-fashioned,
Resolved, by preaching, to *convert*
Them into new seats, cushioned.
He might, perchance, have gained his end,
By zeal and strict attention ;
But one "AMEN" he once forgot,
And so he lost his pension.
No more did Vicars read the prayers
So earnestly each day, Sir ;
For they discovered suddenly
The service did not pay, Sir.

"HE ONLY SQUEEZED MY HAND."

We met,—he gave me such a glance,
And looked so cruelly bland ;
He begged me first with him to dance,
Then gently squeezed my hand.

When I had danced the first Quadrille,
A moment he remained—
Drew near—imparting such a thrill—
Again, he squeezed my hand.

That ev'ning, as he said "good bye,"
I lost all self-command ;
As languidly he heaved a sigh,
And once more squeezed my hand.

That night my mind was all aglow
With visions bright and grand ;
Well knew I what he meant, altho'
He only squeezed my hand.

So after this we often met,
And walked upon the sand ;
But still no nearer would he get,
Than squeezing of my hand.

And thus my head was in a whirl :
But now I understand,
That men don't always love a girl
Because they squeeze her hand.

ST. GEORGE AND THE FLAGON.

A SPIRITUOUS LEGEND OF MODERN DAYS.

A Parson grave,
Whose name we'll waive,
One Sabbath eventide
Was taken bad,
The truth 'tis sad,
In vain to read he tried.

He'd read, I'm told,
Good men of old,
Great *spirit* oft displayed ;
Their tongues of fire
Oft did inspire
With courage, those afraid.

So he, ere long,
In spirits strong
Indulged, and found his tongue
A flaming fire ;
But luck most dire,
That member got unstrung.

In vain he strove
His tongue to move,
It left him in the lurch ;
Until his flock,
Beneath the shock,
Retired from the Church.

Churchwardens bold
Their minds soon told,
And explanation sought :
The Rev'rend Sire
Quick did retire,
And answered them with nought.

Now Parsons learn
To well discern
'Twixt *spirits* good and bad.
A Parson "tight"
Looks hardly right,
The spectacle is sad.

TOPICAL SONG.

Written for a Child.

I only am a little man ;
But still I trust I may
Express my own opinion
On the topics of the day ;
To be above all others wise,
I do not make pretence,
And though I plainly speak my mind,
I would not give offence.

Chorus.

Wait till I'm a man,
Wait till I'm a man ;
I'll soon shew you what I can do.
When I become a man.

I'd set those folks a heavy task,
Who every duty shirk ;
And those who live by others' toil,
I'd quickly set to work.
I'd make the rich relieve the poor
Who suffer real distress ;
And those who labour now the most,
Should toil a great deal less.

Chorus.—Wait till, &c.

I'd settle Tichborne trials, in half
The time our Judges do,
Our law expenses should be less,
Our laws be clear and true,
Our poor should not be starved to death,
While criminals get fat,
And bold garotters they should have
A double nine-tailed cat.

Chorus.—Wait till, &c.

I'd try to make all masters shew
More sympathy for men,
To pay fair wages, treat them well,
Just as their fellows, then—
I'd stop the working-classes from
Uniting to coerce ;
For Unions breed ill-will, and often
Lead to something worse.

Chorus.—Wait till, &c.

I'd educate poor children ; but
I'd feed and clothe them first ;
Though ignorance is bad enough,
Starvation is the worst.
I'd sink all politics, and make
All parties to unite
In gallantly upholding what
Is virtuous and right.

Chorus.—Wait till, &c.

ORIGINAL POPULAR COMIC SONG,

AS SUNG NIGHTLY AT

ST. STEPHEN'S, WESTMINSTER.

AIR,—"I am so Volatile."

My name is liberal Bill,
From Lancashire I came
To join a Tory Government,
And make myself a name;
But my politics shift and change
In every conceivable style,
Whether Tory or Whig, I don't care a fig,
For I am so volatile.

CHORUS.

I am so volatile, I am so volatile;
Folks think it strange I chop and change,
But I am so volatile.

For Oxford I've been M.P.,
And supported Church and State;
University tests and burial grounds
I respected until of late:
But for none of them now I care,
And you'll see in a little while
In the churches a chance of a jolly good dance,
For I am so volatile.

CHORUS.

I am so volatile, I am so volatile ;
There's nothing, you see, held sacred by me,
I am so volatile.

To educate the poor,
Just now is all the go ;
And School Boards grand, throughout the land,
Have long been formed you know.
But they squabble and change their minds,
And thus the time beguile ;
They never can quite agree what's right,
They are so volatile.

CHORUS.

They are so volatile, they are so volatile ;
What with Church and Dissent the money is spent,
They are so volatile.

Our Statesmen have for years
Attempted to redress
Old Ireland's so-called grievances,
And to make her troubles less ;
But their efforts have signally failed,
And always will do, while
The "Boys" delight to quarrel and fight,
And are so volatile.

CHORUS.

They are so volatile, they are so volatile ;
They racket and riot, and won't keep quiet,
They are so volatile.

You all no doubt have heard
Of the row in the Church of late,
Respecting the Bishop's patronage
Throughout his episcopate.
But he cannot please every one,
And its useless his making the trial,
For the Church is divided, and quite undecided,
They are so volatile.

CHORUS.

They are so volatile, they are so volatile ;
You never will find them long of one mind,
They are so volatile.

I'm out of office now,
And out of spirits, too ;
My party is disorganised,
And my supporters few.
But I'll raise a new party cry,
Which must succeed, I guess ;
I'll vote for female suffrage, and
I'll alter women's dress.

CHORUS.

I am so volatile, I am so volatile ;
I'll turn the whole world upside down,
For I am so volatile.

Now friends before we part,
I would suggest that we
Should court success, by cultivating
Love and unity.
Let discordant elements cease,
And all that's base or vile ;
Be firm and true, that folks may own
You are not volatile.

CHORUS.

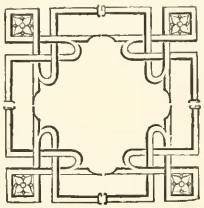
Now don't be volatile, pray don't be volatile ;
With all your might defend the right,
And don't be volatile.

AN ENCORE VERSE.

Now should you be surprised
To hear that I am hoarse ;
Or do you think that I can sing
All night, as a matter of course.
I would willingly sing again,
As you seem to like my style ;
But though its strange, I like a change,
I am so volatile.

CHORUS.

I am so volatile, I am so volatile ;
I think it right to say good night,
And—*don't* be volatile.



THE UNHAPPY ENGINE DRIVER.

Tom Jones was a policeman once
Upon a country beat;
But thought his *walk* in life too slow,
So quick *beat* his retreat.

For though 'tis seldom the police
Force drive good men away,
They thought it was not *policy*
To *force* Tom Jones to stay.

A railway engine driver now
He would become, he said;
For having *walked afoot* for years,
He now would *run ahead.*

So, after training for awhile,
An engine he did mount,
And found his *ingenuity*
Soon called into account.

His change of occupation was
Not favoured by his wife—
She vowed she'd never stay with one
Who *led* so *fast* a life.

His happy moments now were few ;
For as at each day's end
He left his engine, there he left
His only *tender* friend,

Some say the wheel of fortune turns
In time on all the same ;
He soon had many wheels on him—
The fortune never came.

His train came in collision with
An engine standing near ;
By one mishap poor Jones *cut short*
His *leg* and his *career*.

So when his wife was once allowed
The dreadful news to know,
She said he'd had enough of *wheel*,
He'd now have lots of *woe*.

Both *peace* of mind and *piece* of leg
He lost all through his whim,
For ever since he'd gone on *rails*
His wife had *railed* on him.

A DIRE CALAMITY.

Joe Skilley was the meekest man
  You ever did behold,
Until some friends gave up this life,
  And left him all their gold.

Then in a night he rose at least
  Three inches in his boots ;
While in proportion others sank
  To the level of the brutes.

Another friend the "bucket kicked,"
  Another windfall came,
Joe Skilley got so big, you'd hardly
  Know he was the same.

His dearest friends he now forgot—
  He was a selfish elf—
For Joe had quite enough to do
  To mind his precious self.

Quite isolated he became—
  But that was not the worst—
For Joseph grew so big ; at length,
  He ultimately *burst!*

A SONG.

THE YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD.

I'm one of those fine creatures whom you often see about,
For gorgeous feathers make fine birds, there cannot be a doubt;
I serve behind a linen draper's counter all the day,
But when at night the shop is closed, I do the grand this way—

CHORUS.

I dress up to the knocker, quite regardless of expense,
And then provide myself with a cigar;
The thing I daily study is, how I can look immense,
When I promenade and do the lah-de-da!

I dress myself in gaudy clothes, no matter how they wear,
My necktie is a brilliant red, which makes the people stare;
My foot, tho' large, I squeeze into a boot that's much too small,
With heels at least three inches high, in order to look tall.

Chorus.—I dress up, &c.

You'll see me at the Music Hall, the Theatre as well,
And as folks gaze upon me, don't I feel an awful swell?
I stand a glass to all who ask, or drink at their expense,
My only aim in life has always been to *look* immense.

Chorus.—I dress up, &c.

With stick in hand, cigar in mouth, I promenade the town,
And whistle to each girl I meet as I walk up and down.
I sometimes get a "snub," and get my ears well boxed; but there
I am not over sensitive, and so I do not care.

Chorus.—I dress up, &c.

To smoke and drink, and chaff the girls, is my supreme delight;
In fact it's all I care to do from morning until night.
And when I'm in my Sunday clothes, I'll swear upon my word,
Altho' I am a shopman, I am treated like a lord.

Chorus.—I dress up, &c.

But though I look so great a swell, I many comforts lack,
For all that I possess is what you see upon my back.
Altho' at times I glitter, I have less of *gold* than *brass*,
And those who know me best persist in calling me an *ass*.

Chorus.—But still, I dress up, &c.

TICHBORNIA.

A NURSERY RHYME.

There was a young butcher at Wapping,
Who soon became tired of chopping
Up bullocks for sale,
So quickly turned tail
On his home, where he cared not for stopping.

There next was a mighty big bragger,
Who came from the town Wagga-Wagga ;
And, though strange to relate,
Claimed the Tichborne estate,
And told tales that made everyone stagger.

There next was a fat man in Newgate
Who'd had such a trial as few get ;
And if you want the same
Just try his little game,
And you'll quickly discover what you get.

SERIOUS POEMS.

WYNNIE GRAY; OR, LOVED TOO WELL.

'Twas on a bright May morn in fifty-four,
The Brookfield villagers were all astir;
The birds their sweetest notes appeared to sing;
The old church bells their merriest peals did ring;
The villagers, with faces bright and gay,
Seemed bent on keeping general holiday;
All shops were closed, each from his task set free,
Hasten'd towards the Church in highest glee.

On this eventful day sweet Wynnifred,
The daughter of the rector, who was dead,
Was to unite in matrimonial bond
With him who'd won her maiden heart so fond.

The Rector, two years since, drew his last breath,
And Wynnifred was orphaned by his death—
Not friendless though, for many an honest heart
Was longing all true sympathy t' impart;
For not alone the rector was beloved—
Though all mourned when by death he was removed—
His daughter, by her kind and gentle ways,
Secured the love and well deserv'd praise
Of every villager for miles around,
As to her satisfaction oft she found.

Not many miles from Brookfield was a hall
Where dwelt the squire, who had a son, a tall
And handsome youth, whose many virtues rare
Were as well known as was his face so fair.

In childhood he and Wynnifred were both
Deeply attached ; 'twas said they plighted troth
Before they even knew what it involved.
Certain it is when older they resolved
To link their fortunes by a life-long tie ;
And as the weeks and months rolled slowly by,
One wish alone they had, and it was this—
A union closer still might crown their bliss.
Two years ago young Herbert went away,
And well remembered Wynnifred that day,
As, mingled with expressions warm and fond,
At parting they renewed the oft made bond.
While Wynnifred was thus left all alone,
Herbert, to learn the art of war, had gone ;
And now, the day for which he'd often yearned
Had come, and he to Wynnifred returned—
The youth developed into manhood quite,
Without a single care— the future bright.
Nothing appeared to mar his joy that day,
As from the church he bore his bride away.

Twelve months soon passed,'mid ceaseless peace and joy—
Twelve months of happiness without alloy.
No couple loved more fondly than did they—
No wife e'er found it easier to obey.
Love makes, indeed, obedience a mere form—
The mischief is when heads, not hearts, are warm—
At least so found they ; and what's more, they proved
How sweet it is to love and be beloved.
The beauteous Wynnie's bright and happy face
Cheered the bright home she was so formed to grace ;
But more than this, her cheerful look and smile
Were sought and prized by all for many a mile.
Th' afflicted she was ever glad to cheer ;
No sick-bed, but you'd find her somewhere near,
Minist'ring help, or watching in her turn,
Cooling the heated brow should fever burn,
Until folks idolized the very ground
On which she walked for many miles around.
At length her rambles were reduced in length,

Her step was less elastic, and her strength
Gave way ; then ladies who observe the moon
Said a new love tie was expected soon.

Together sat the happy pair one morn
Communing fondly of the days bygone,
And hopefully of days yet still to come,
When they might realize of joy the sum.
The Crimean War was just then at its height,
And all that threatened their fond hopes with blight
Was the bare chance that Herbert might receive
At any moment, prompt command to leave
His home and country for the seat of war ;
When suddenly they heard the sound afar
Of horses' tramp, at most unusual pace,
And sat transfixed a moment face to face :
But in that moment each heart spoke its fear,
Though not a word escaped.—At length, drew near
A post boy with a letter.—Neither spake,
For neither could its character mistake.
Alas ! 'twas true, brave comrades at the front
Had e'en too long endured the battle brunt ;
And reinforcements now were ordered out
To help the country's enemy to rout.
Amongst the regiments ordered thus away,
Was that in which Lieutenant Herbert Gray
Received commission eighteen months before ;
And he was summoned now to join the war.
A woman's instinct told poor Wynnie all,
A woman's spirit recognised the call
His country made, as prior to her claim ;
She tried to cheer herself with thoughts of fame
And glory, which her loved one should have earned,
Ere he from war to his own home returned.
But with the thoughts of glory, thoughts of scars
And wounds, he might perchance get in the wars,
Would force themselves upon her ; till at length
She dare not think, lest she might lose the strength
And fortitude t' endure the parting sad,
So struggled hard to bear her lot instead.

Three days alone before they two must part,
The very thought of it near broke her heart ;
Three days of silent grief, as her fair hands
Packed all that he might need in foreign lands,
With here and there some token of her love,
Marked by the falling tears 'gainst which she strove
To be discovered when—the time would come—
When miles should separate him from his home.
Too soon the three short days had quickly pass'd,
And the much dreaded hour arrived at last,
When those so closely knit must sadly part
With bitter pain, as tearing heart from heart.
Bravely did Wynnie try to bear th' ordeal,
Struggling her sad misgivings to conceal,—
Till, as she, closely clasped in his embrace,
Felt tear drops falling on her upturn'd face,
No longer she her feelings could control ;
But swooned beneath the anguish of her soul.

When she came to, her cherish'd love had gone :
She was in bed, but was not quite alone,
For two strange gentlemen stood watching near,
With one or two old friends, to her most dear.
What could it mean ?—At length she tried to speak,
But could not ; for she found herself too weak.
She made a sign for water, which she drank ;
And once more swoon'd, and all became a blank.

Thus days and days of weary watching pass'd,
But slowly she recovered strength at last :
Reason returned, then hope was entertained
All might be well, if she could be constrained
To banish thoughts of all that had occurr'd ;
When faintly they at length her soft voice heard,
Asking what all this meant. Then 'twas she learn'd
That he for whom her heart so fondly yearn'd
Had really gone : but found now she revived,
His little antitype had since arrived.—
While she, unconscious, had been near to death,
Her babe was born, a son drew his first breath,—

Yes, at her side, so innocent and pure,
She saw her absent husband's miniature ;
And conscious of the treasure she possess'd,
Pressing the infant nestling at her breast,
She felt she had one more dear tie in life—
She was a mother now as well as wife.
As slowly to her cheeks the health blush came,
She thought of what should be the baby's name :
A boy—he should his father's loved name bear,
And might he with that father well compare.

With thoughts like these each early summer day
Slowly returned, and sadly passed away,
While Wynnie anxiously now looked for news
Of him she'd learnt to love, so soon to lose.
At length the letter, long expected, came,
Telling of dangers, death, and hard-earned fame—
Losses severe left many a vacancy,
And Herbert had received a Captaincy.
Feelings of pride, mingled with those of dread
She felt, as she of his promotion read ;
And then her mind, in spite of her, recurred
To the most dread forebodings which she feared.
Yet happy days she felt were still in store—
Perhaps as happy as those days of yore—
When she might have once more her love at home—
By separation e'en more fond become.
Weeks grew to months, till summer days had gone,
And many battles had been lost and won.
Newspapers teem'd with heartrending accounts
Of deeds heroic, suff'rings, wounds, and wants—
Whole regiments slaughtered, many sick returned
To die at home, or have the rest they'd earned—
Captives secured, and into prison thrown ;
But still no further tidings of her own.
She scann'd with eagerness each mention'd name,
Unbearable at length suspense became ;
Longing for news, yet fearing for the worst,
She sat and sighed till bitter tears outburst.
Quite overcome with deep anxiety,

She needed change, yet shunn'd society ;
The infant's winning ways now ceased to please—
Her sadden'd heart seemed ever ill at ease.
At length one day while sitting all alone—
With thoughts intent upon her absent one,
Pursuing that on which her heart was set—
'Mid doubts and fears she took up the Gazette,
Which just that moment had arrived from town,
And eagerly her eye ran up and down,
Scanning the list of captives, wounded, dead,
Which daily, since the war began, she'd read ;
When suddenly she sprang up with a bound,
And shrieking, senseless fell upon the ground.

* * * * *

Four years had passed—it was the Sabbath morn—
The worshippers had from the church just gone ;
The youthful Rector hurried down the lane
To catch a glimpse of one fair face again,
Whose light attended him by night and day,
Illumining his path with soothing ray.
That lovely face possessed a double charm—
So mournful, yet so peaceful and so calm.
He overtook her, and in kindly tone
Proposed that she should not walk home alone :
Then side by side they went, and at her door
He bade farewell, but turned for one look more ;
Then with a hopeful sigh retraced his steps—
His heart quite full, tho' nought escaped his lips.

'Twas the same Brookfield we have seen before,
But not in all respects as 'twas of yore ;
The charming face—we scarcely need to say—
Was that of her who mourned—poor Wynnie Gray.
And she was also changed all could detect,
Since those ill-tidings took such dire effect.
No more despairing ; she was now resigned ;
Once more by kindly actions she entwined
Herself around the honest village hearts,

And her good deeds were known throughout those parts.
Her love she lavished only on her boy,
And strove each moment spare to well employ,
By helping all who needed her relief,
That she might have no time for morbid grief.

The Rector—by whom Wynnie had been wed
Five years before—had gone; and in his stead
There now appeared a young man full of zeal,
Who studied constantly his people's weal—
Striving for what would do them greatest good;
And just as anxious for their daily food.
The church upon the Sabbath day was filled
To hear a preacher both sincere and skilled,
Who loved his people and who loved his work—
Was both a pastor kind, and learnèd clerk;
But though affection for his flock was great,
A special int'rest he had ta'en of late
In that sweet mournful face so full of care,
Yet so resigned, that he could hardly dare
Express a sympathy he deeply felt,
Lest he might cause her heart with grief to melt.
He felt for her, however, and she knew
He did, though words between them were but few:
For sympathy is oft full well conveyed,
From heart to heart, the most when least is said—
The eye, the gentle tone, the touch of hand,
Speak with more pow'r than language can command.
Prompt action—not big words—to those in need,
While silent sympathy's the best indeed.
Thus months pass'd by; and as each Sabbath day
The Rector came to Church to preach and pray,
He felt he learnt e'en more than he could teach,
For her calm face a sermon seemed to preach,
Inspiring him with many a holy thought,
And urging him to faith in what he taught.
At length, it dawn'd upon him that he felt
Within his heart some warmer feelings dwelt
Than merely friendship, or a pastor's care,
Yet scarce to own it to himself he dare;

For though he noticed Wynnie Gray appeared
Most grateful for his friendship, still he feared
She'd ne'er consent to any closer tie :
Yet love so urged, that he resolved to try.—
So, after many and many a careful thought,
To write a note, at length, himself he brought :
Declaring what was in his heart and mind,—
How he had striven from a motive kind
To conquer what he feared might give her pain ;
How he had found all hopes of this were vain :
How he at last resolved, all to impart
And claim her pardon, if denied her heart.—
Thus did he write, in gentle words and few,
Praying for one, if but *one*, interview.
Days past. It seemed a week each day he lived.
At length, a neatly folded note arrived—
Oh ! how his heart beat,—how he hoped and feared,
Dreading his fate, the nearer it appeared.
With trembling hand and palpitating heart
He broke the seal, and read with painful smart
A very friendly sympathetic note,
With deep regrets that she could not promote
Her pastor's happiness, as he'd desire ;
But hoping he'd forget her, and look higher.—
He closed the note, convinced he loved in vain,
Regretting he, perhaps, had caused her pain ;
Yet he would see her, and with her concur
To banish henceforth all such thoughts of her.
He called on her, and found her deeply moved.
She told him plainly she but one had loved,
Though HE was dead, her love was still alive :
Nor did she care against that love to strive.
She said she loved her pastor, but as such ;
And could not love him otherwise so much.
They parted,—she to bear her long-lived grief,
And he in holy work to find relief.

Now, Wynnie, by the loss of him she loved,
Was far from former affluence removed :
Her income, now comparatively scant,

Scarcely sufficed to meet each daily want.
But worse than even this, she heard the news
That nearly half her income she might lose—
By stoppage of the bank from which she drew
The only means of livelihood she knew.
This loss too soon was realised; and she
Was now reduced to utter poverty.
The Rector, of her sad distress soon heard,
And yet to name it to her he demurr'd;
His delicacy made him sore afraid
To wound her by the offer of his aid.—
Thus months rolled on, and he at length resolved
To speak to her, whatever it involved;
For though to mention it he hardly dare,
To see her suffer thus, he could not bear.
So, urged by tender pity, and pure love,
Once more he press'd his suit, and strove to move
Her to accept a home, a heart, a hand;
And vowed that all he had she might command:—
Her child he'd ever cherish and maintain,
And as his own the little one he'd train.
Had she no love to give, none would he claim:
But to deserve and win it, he would aim.—
She wavered: He, encouraged, press'd his suit
Again. Would she reject him? She was mute!
Thus favoured, he implored her to reflect,
Ere she resolved his offer to reject;
Then waiting not to hear a final "Nay,"
He hurried off,—to call another day.
That night poor Wynnie had but little rest:
Emotions most conflicting filled her breast.
Love for her lost one called for a denial;
To see her dear child suffer was a trial
No mother could endure, while she'd the means
Of thus removing him to brighter scenes.
The Rectory, too, she would be glad to come
To it, for it was once her childhood's home.

Two days had passed. The Rector came again
To learn his fate. Poor Wynnie strove in vain

Against necessity and want's demand.
My child! my child! she thought, and gave her hand;
And so once more the village bells did ring,
And once again the birds commenced to sing.
The villagers received with boundless pride
The Rector and his fair, though mournful, bride.

* * * * * * * * *

Two years elapsed, in which the Rector strove
T' engender and to merit Wynnie's love.
At first it was a trouble sore to her
That she no ardent love had to confer.
In time, however, his devotion rare,
And fond attention to her every care,
Kindled within her heart a warm response.
She learnt to love, yet not as she did once;
For nothing could efface the memory
Of him she early loved so tenderly.

On summer evenings often she would walk
With little Herbert through the fields and talk:
Help him with all his studies for next day,
Or sit and read while he enjoyed his play.
It chanced one evening as she sat alone
Beside the river, Herbert wandered on
Some distance by himself beside the stream,
When suddenly she heard a splash and scream;
And to her horror saw her darling child
Struggling against the tide. She with a wild
And agonising shriek rushed to and fro,
Calling for help, not knowing what to do;
When from behind a hedge, hard by, there crept
A man, who rushed up to the spot, and leapt
Head first into the stream; and, ere he sank,
Secured the child, and brought him to the bank.
Wynnie rushed up to thank the stranger brave,
Who'd risked his life her darling boy to save;
But ere she could her gratitude convey,
The stranger quickly bore her child away.

He paused not for a moment, but with haste
Rushed onward to the house. She looked aghast,
But followed quickly as her strength allowed,
While down her cheeks the tear-drops freely poured.
At length she reached the Rectory, and found
Her boy beside the fire on the ground;
But he who'd rescued him could not be seen,
Nor could she any tidings of him glean.
The doctor being sent for, soon arrived,
And little Herbert presently revived:
'Twas found he had received more shock than harm,
And there was little reason for alarm.—
But what about the stranger, where was he?—
There seemed about him such a mystery
That Wynnie longed to find out who he was
Who'd bravely saved her from a bitter loss.
How came he there just in the nick of time?—
Why hurried he away, as if some crime
He feared would be detected if he stayed?—
And how knew he the house where he conveyed
His half-unconscious burden? And why then
Did he rush off, and ne'er return again?
The more she thought of it, the more perplexed
Did she become, and not a little vexed;
For she in common with her sex possessed
Some curiosity, must be confessed.—
But something more than curiosity
Concerning this undoubted mystery
Did she experience; tho' scarce she'd own
Her feelings to herself when quite alone.
At length upon her it began to dawn,
That she towards this unknown one was drawn
By some strange subtle influence, altho'
She had not seen him, neither did she know
Aught of him to excite her sympathy;
Yet, try her best, she felt no apathy:
But rather the reverse, when he was named,
As if some special interest he claimed.

Some weeks from this, Herbert, on coming home
One day, told his Mamma that as he'd come
Along the road, he met a gentleman
Who, stopping him, first kissed him, then began
To question him as to his name and age,—
His home, his family, and parentage;
Particularly as to his Mamma :—
How long she had been married, and how far
His memory recalled his early days :
And whether now they lived in perfect ease ?—
With pretty promises, and many a bribe,
Wynnie induced him fully to describe
Each word the stranger spake,—what he was like ;
And asked if, as he spoke, it did not strike
Him he had somewhere seen his face before ;
And from his answers, Wynnie felt quite sure
That he who'd nobly risked his life to save
Her child from death, and from a watery grave,
Was he who had accosted him that day :
But what it all meant, still she failed to see.
What caused his int'rest in her and her home ?—
What led him in that neighbourhood to roam ?
Why was it that he chose to hover near,
Yet to disclose himself seemed so to fear ?—
From this time Herbert and his unknown friend
Often did meet, and both together wend
Their way through woods, and by the river side ;
Until the boy began to quite confide
In his strange friend : while Wynnie, who felt proud
Of the attention shown her boy, allowed
The frequent meetings,—but yet, strange to say,
Her child's companion ne'er came in her way.
Nor did she ever catch even a sight
Of him, since on that well-remembered night
He brought to shore her drowning boy, and bore
Him safely home, and then appeared no more.—
Herbert and he so intimate had grown
Of late, that she resolved she would make known
The circumstances to her husband,—yet,
On second thoughts, resolved she would forget

Her foolish fancies, and their unknown cause ;
For just as drowning men will catch at straws,
So ladies seldom lack justification
For any course that suits their inclination.
What she'd have done at length, we cannot say ;
But after a long walk, Herbert one day,
With unfeigned grief, informed her that his friend
Had told him their acquaintance now must end,—
That 'twas far better for them both that he
His little friend's face never more should see !
And without giving him a reason why,
Found it was best to bid a last good-bye.—
As the child spoke, the tears came to his eyes,
Betraying grief he could not well disguise.
'Twas strange how in so short a time, the boy
Had learnt to prize more than his dearest toy—
A friend so strangely met,—so different
In age and tastes : yet it was evident
That 'twas no childish fancy, but deep love
'Gainst which the boy so valiantly strove.
Now Wynnie, it was true, felt some relief
That he was gone ; but was not free from grief :
For, stranger as he was, he seemed to touch
Some tender chord within her breast, as much
As if 'twas some dear friend whom she had lost,—
Parting with whom an inward pang had cost.
Chiding herself for that which folly seemed,
She tried to quite forget ; but that night dreamed
That she was strolling through the old Churchyard,—
When suddenly a well-known voice she heard
Calling to her by name ; and as she turned,
Rising from out the ground—she then discern'd
Her former husband, who at once drew near,
And filled her timid heart with dreadful fear !
As he in ghastly tones reproached her sore
For marrying again ;—then straightway swore
He'd haunt her night and day until she left
Her second spouse, or was of him bereft.
Then as she turned away, she recognised
The stranger with whom she had sympathised !

With sudden start she woke, and smiled to find
'Twas but a midnight fancy of the mind.—
How strangely do our waking thoughts combine,—
Though most diverse,—and often intertwine,
To form connected chains of incidents,
Which seem as real as actual events.

Talking of dreams, in cases without end
Do they at times coming events portend.
We trust we may not be considered vicious,
Nor be reputed as too superstitious,—
If we avow at least some slight belief
That incidents involving joy or grief,
Pleasure or pain, with all coming events,
Are oft foreshadowed by presentiments
We have in dreams in these days, as of old,—
When frequently events were thus foretold.

But Wynnie's mind was occupied ere long
With something more than visions, right or wrong.
Her husband, who had long been very ill,
At length grew weaker day by day, until
Hard work and constant study helped to break
A constitution naturally weak :
And after he'd for months been failing fast,
All hopes of him were given up at last.
For months he lingered, and at times 'twas hoped
That even yet his ailment might be stopped :
But Wynnie, who was ever at his side,
Could not conceal the fact, howe'er she tried,—
That slowly, but most surely, day by day
Her loving husband seemed to fade away.
Thus many anxious days both came and pass'd,
Till almost imperceptibly at last—
Without a struggle, one bright summer day,
In perfect peace the Rector passed away.

* * * * *

The summer had pass'd by with its delights ;
Cold winter, with its long and dreary nights
Had fairly now set in, and seemed to chill
To the heart's core all that it did not kill.
A night more cheerless scarcely e'er was known,
Around the Rectory the wind did moan :
The snow was quite a foot deep on the ground,
And Nature appeared barren all around.
Poor Wynnie and her son sat side by side
Before a scanty fire, and thus tried
To banish thoughts of care she keenly felt ;
For though still at the Rectory she dwelt,
It had been but on sufferance : and now
She had to find a home, she knew not how !
Thus cheerlessly she sat in anxious thought,
Though contemplation little comfort brought ;
When suddenly she fancied she could hear
Outside the window, footsteps drawing near.
At length there came a knock, and Herbert went
To ascertain what the intrusion meant.
But presently he hurried back, and told
Wynnie that it was his strange friend of old
Who had returned, and begged an interview
With her, if for a moment only. Who
It could be, she was at a loss to know,
But scarce had time to think at all, when, lo !
In walked a tall and handsome-featured man,
Whose very look proclaimed him veteran.
He walked t'wards her, neither a word could say ;
It was her former husband, HERBERT GRAY !

Little remains to tell, except to add
How Wynnie's sorrowing heart was now made glad,—
How Brookfield Hall, which long shut up had been,
Was opened amid splendour rarely seen :
While two fond hearts, so often made to smart,
Were re-united, ne'er till death to part !

Herbert explained at length that the report
Of his death happen'd thus :—When he had fought

For some time at the front, he and some more
Were specially commissioned to explore
Some inland country, up a frozen stream,
Where scarce a man was seen, or a sunbeam !
How they at length met with privation sore,
Were taken captive, not pris'ners of war !
How after this his captors did confine
Him as a slave, to work in a salt mine !
How, after years of harrowing privation,
He did escape, and reached a British station !
How he, much altered, reached his village home,
And found his wife another's had become !
Then learnt how she had suffer'd,—thought him dead,
And married but for lack of daily bread !
How he, disguised, had hovered near her path,
And saved both his and her dear child from death !—
Had met him often in his daily walk,
And though unknown, had lov'd with him to talk ;
But fearing he might soon be recognised,
At length had self-denial exercised :
Bidding his son " good-bye," himself he tore
Away, resolved they'd meet again no more !—
How, later, of the Rector's death he heard,
And, though he knew his wife was free, preferr'd
To wait awhile ere he himself made known :
And how, at length, he came to claim his own !

When Wynnie prettily asked how he came
To be so near, yet not himself proclaim ?
He told her,—while in peace he saw her dwell,
He'd ne'er disturb her whom he loved so well.

THE SABBATH.

Ten thousand welcomes, holy day of rest,
The greatest boon by sons of toil possess'd,
Refreshing time for body and for mind,
Yet, oh! how little prized by human kind.
A privilege so precious well might be
Most jealously preserved, and yet we see
In latter days a disposition shown
The sanctity of Sabbaths to disown,
And to transform the ancient *holy day*
Of rest, into the modern *holiday:*
Provide amusements, Entertainments, Balls;
Instead of Churches, open Concert Halls!

What means a revolution so severe,
O'erthrowing what our fathers did revere?—
Has the community of late, indeed,
Become so over-pious, that we need
No longer to observe an ordinance
Long disregarded both in Spain and France?—
Or, do those nations furnish such sublime
Examples of the absence of all crime,
And rapid growth in purity and truth,
That we wish thus to educate our youth?
Or have they reached so prosperous a state,
That we their customs fain would imitate?

Nay, rather may we, as a nation blest
With Christian privileges, prize the rest
Each Sabbath brings, for body and for soul,
Our influence exerting to control
The growing love of *license*, falsely known
As *liberty*.—Improve the moral tone
Of the community, full well assured
That as a nation we can ill afford
To lessen, or relax, in least degree,
The safeguards to our Christianity.—
Once loose our hold on principles well worn,
And England's glory is for ever gone.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

If each could choose his lot,—be either rich
Or moderately poor,—I wonder which
The great majority of persons would
Select, as most conducive to their good?
We scarce need speculate perhaps for long,
For though the love of riches may be wrong,
An effort to secure at least a share,
Sufficient to remove us far from care
As to our future is precaution wise,
And for this end a wise man self denies.
But imperceptibly this right desire
Increases far too often as a fire,
Until the victim seems to care for nought
But wealth, and learns that all the world is bought—
With very few exceptions—and is sold
To him who can produce the most in gold!
Thus, daily, many noble men do fall,
Until their wealth becomes their all in all.
A gen'rous soul by constant love of pelf,
Finds all the world soon swallowed up in self:
No longer kindly thoughts for other's trials,
No more removing careworn looks by smiles,
No longer keeping ever open store,
Anticipating other's wants no more.
One thought predominates,—"Be rich I must,
"No matter who I trample in the dust!"
Think you such men are happy in their hearts,
That all their "grabbing" ever peace imparts;
That satisfied they ever can become
With wealth they have, while others too have some?
As soon try satisfy the sea, or grave,
As satisfy such men, whate'er they save.—
Whatever troubles lack of wealth may bring,—
Whatever pains from poverty may spring,
From this sad truth some comfort you may fetch,—
A miser is, of all, the greatest wretch.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

'Twas a weary, weary night of suspense,
As I sat by my darling love,
And I anxiously watched his return to sense,
For I loved with a father's love.
Yes, I loved my dear pet with a love so intense,
As alone is a father's love!

So I sat, and I cooled his heated brow,
And against ev'ry fear I strove;
For I loved him then as I love him now,
I loved with a father's love.
And I thought there were none but myself knew how
To love with a father's love.

Then I prayed that my darling might be restored,
That thus the Almighty would prove
The truth of those pages which oft record
That God is a God of love.
And I knelt, and I wept, and my heart outpour'd
To God, who's a God of love!

In my anguish I longed for an answer to come,
And against bitter fears still strove;
For whatever my fears, of hope I had some,
I believed in the God of love.
So daily I looked for an answer to come
From the God, who's a God of love!

Night by night passed away, and my darling still drooped,
Though I prayed to the Godhead above ;
I gave up in despair the reply I had hoped
To receive from the God of all love.
I was filled with despair, tho' once I had hoped
In my God, as the God of all love !

Then the day came at length, but my darling had gone
To the Mansions prepared above,
And I felt myself left in my sorrow alone,
To mourn with a father's love :
For my darling had gone, I was left all alone
To lament with a father's love !

Day by day passed away ; I was filled with my grief,
Which nothing appeared to remove ;
So intense was my sorrow, I found no relief,—
I still loved with a father's love.
And I sorrowed and pined, yet I found no relief,
For I loved with a father's love !

But since then I have learnt all is done for the best
By the heavenly Father above,
And my darling was gathered thus soon to his rest,
As a *proof* of a Father's love !
And tho' firmly that night I my darling one press'd,
And allowed but one feeling to enter my breast,
I have well learnt since then, and have often confess'd,
There's a Heavenly Father above ;
And that tho' *He will* answer His childrens' request,
He will do it always as to Him seemeth best,—
For He loves with a Father's love :
And whatever He orders is sure to be best,
For His is a FATHER'S love !

THE STORM.

Flash ! flash ! flash!
The lightning comes with a slash !
From heaven to earth,
In its flight giving birth,
To terror both keen and rash !
Strong men are filled with fears,
Weak women melt to tears,
At a power sublime!
Which may well, in all time,
Touch the spirit whose flesh it sears !

Crash ! crash ! crash !
The thunders roar with a clash !
Majestic, profound,
Agitating the ground,
And shaking the window sash !
Their deep and dismal groan,—
Their loud and sonorous tone,
Speak as loud as they can
To the heart of man,
Of a power that all must own !

Splash ! splash ! splash !
Comes the rain in a torrent and dash !
Till the waters of Noah
Seem appearing once more,
As the streams into mighty waves lash!
It seems to well portray
How we are borne away
By the tide of time
To an unknown clime,
To an endless night or day!

A MOTTO SONG.

As we journey through life with its ups and its downs,
And encounter the world first in smiles, then in frowns:
As we're tossed to and fro amid tempest and storm,
And are met by misfortune in every form,—
Let each one gather comfort, though darkness enshroud,
There's a bright gleam of sunshine behind every cloud!

When sickness assails us, and friends prove untrue,
When poverty pinches, and comforts are few:
Or if schemes fondly cherished with failure should meet,
And our plans, well matured, only end in defeat,—
Yet each one may take comfort, though darkness enshroud,
There's a bright gleam of sunshine behind every cloud!

There are some who despair when they do not succeed,
And give way to forebodings, tho' little they need;
Ever fearing the worst, they meet troubles half way,
And are slow in acknowledging hope's brightest ray;
Yet e'en they may take courage, though darkness enshroud,
There's a bright gleam of sunshine behind every cloud!

Then, hurrah! for the man who goes cheerily on,
Taking courage and comfort where others find none;
Though his fortune may change, in himself he is blest,
He prepares for the worst, but still hopes for the best.
He remembers with comfort, though darkness enshroud,
There's a bright gleam of sunshine behind every cloud!

THE TRAITOR'S KISS.

LINES UPON THE BETRAYAL OF OUR LORD.

The night is dark ; black clouds o'erhead
Frown on the earth in wrath most dread ;
No ray of light relieves the gloom ;
But all is deathlike as the tomb.
See there a form bowed down by care,
Now weeping, now engaged in prayer,
In anguish as the Saviour treads ;
The very trees hang down their heads
As if, while weak disciples sleep,
All nature for her Lord must weep.

But hark ! Those footsteps ! Who draws nigh ?
An open enemy ? A spy ?—
Nay, a disciple ; and be sure
He must be true who *feeds the poor.*
But why that multitude of knaves
Who follow him with swords and staves ?
No peaceful mission brings them here ;
Their deep design is soon made clear,
For Judas, with malignant smile—
He who had dipp'd the sop awhile,—
Draws near ; but deepest treach'ry this :
Betrays his master *with a kiss !*

A kiss !—the sign of fondest love—
Pure, changeless as the saints above—
A recompense for many a woe,
Confirming many a bond below :
Affections token then, as now,
The seal of many an earnest vow :
When prostituted thou'rt become,
Love's ardent tongue may well be dumb.

A kiss !—which speaks from heart to heart
Volumes of love when dear ones part ;
Or when they meet renew the bond,
As words could not, however fond,
A reconciliation sign,
Touching those feelings most divine.
Base, deep-dyed miscreant, who could use
That token only to abuse ?

Just indignation all must feel,
And that it should be so is well ;
But tho' unpleasant be the task.
The simple question let me ask—
If Judas' treach'ry cause a start,
What think you of his counterpart,
Produced most accurately now ?
Though some may doubt the truth, I trow.
Though cultivation has refined
Man's crimes, as well as heart and mind,
Think you no Judases remain,
The Christian character to stain ?
Alas ! beneath religion's guise
Full many a treach'rous heart still lies ;
While many an action done amiss
Is covered by the TRAITOR'S KISS.

A SONG.

IN YONDER GLEN.

In yonder glen my childhood's days
  In happiness were pass'd,
Surrounded by hope's brightest rays,
  Too bright, indeed, to last.
With little Millie oft I strolled
  Alone at eventide ;
My childish heart did oft unfold,
  And she did well confide,
We knew no cares, nor troubles then ;
But all was peace in yonder glen.

From yonder glen in youth I went
  To travel far and wide ;
To gayer scenes my footsteps bent,
  And other friends I tried ;
But in the world I found no charm
  That well could be compared
With all that childhood's peaceful calm,
  Which little Millie shared—
And so I fondly yearned for when
I might return to yonder glen.

So years rolled on, and I returned
  To childhood's happy home :
No longer I for changes yearned—
  No longer cared to roam.
And once again my greatest charm
  Is found at eventide,
With little Millie on my arm ;
  But now she is bride—
And all is peaceful now, as then,
As years roll on in yonder glen.

IN MEMORIAM

OF A DEPARTED INFANT SON, AGED 9 MONTHS.

" He shall gather the lambs with his arm ;"
" No man shall pluck them out of his hand."
Full enjoyment of bliss and sweet calm
Await them in the heavenly land.

But one summer had passed o'er his head,
Yet he'd won all our tenderest love ;
He was gently one night put to bed,
To awake in the mansions above.
Scarce a struggle shewed token of pain,
As he silently drew his last breath ;
But fond parents for life look'd in vain—
They discovered the cold hand of death.

So the darling passed gently away ;
And far be it from us still to weep :
We shall join him in glory one day—
He's not dead, he has but *gone to sleep.*

STARVED!

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

On a cold frosty morn,
By the side of the road,
Stood a boy,—whose sad, worn,
Haggard face clearly shewed
Unmistakable signs
Of disease far advanced,
Which so oft undermines,
Ere to check it you've chanced.

He was clothèd in rags,
Very poorly was shod,
His sole bed was the flags,
He had few friends but God;
Eyes sunken and deep,
Cheeks hollow and flushed:
He had long ceased to weep,
All hope appeared crushed!

Near his side on the ground
Stood his mother in tears,
While a crowd gather'd round,
And she told them her fears;—
That her boy was fast sinking
With spasms of the heart;
And she could not help thinking
He soon would depart.

No professional tramp
Was the boy I've described;
There was nothing to stamp
Him as such,—'twas inscribed
On his face and his features—
He'd "seen better days:"
As distinct from the creatures
Who beg—"'cos it pays."

The widow,—for such
She had many years been,—
Put a finishing touch
To this heart-rending scene;
She had few kin or kith,
And,—what's far sadder still,—
Said she'd "nothing wherewith
"The boy's belly to fill."

* * * * *

There are few who suspect,
If they even reflect,
At this time of the year
How much sorrow is near.
How misfortune most dire!
Cold homes without fire,
Bring to scores their last breath,
And the cold hand of death!

Christian friend! let me ask,
What is your special task?
As the labourers are few,
What have your hands to do?
To help others be sure
Every one can afford:
"He that gives to the poor,
Only lends to the Lord!"

THE SONG OF A CLERK.

A PARODY.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Clerk in threadbare garments sat,
Driving a quill for his bread.
Scratch! scratch! scratch!
Not a bit of his task dare he shirk;
While in a dull, monotonous tone,
He sang the "Song of a Clerk."

Work! work! work!
From the cock-crowing hours of morn;
And work, work, work,
Till the following day's near its dawn.
As well to be a slave
In a South American State,
As dig with a quill my grave
By working early and late.

Work! work! work!
Till my head is ready to split!
Work, work, work,
Till for everything else I'm unfit.
Invoices, papers, and books,
I manipulate many a ream;
Until careworn and haggard my looks,
I finish my work in a dream!

Oh! the brotherhood of man!
It appears to exist but in name;
For criminals no harder work,
And suffer far less shame.
Scratch, scratch, scratch!
If the world in its coldness but knew
That I'm writing each day with the self-same strokes,
My invoice and death-warrant, too!

A mechanic is far better paid,
And can dress in less costly attire;
He has comforts, though rough, while poor I
Often lack victual, clothing, and fire.
Work! work! work!
Till my poverty seems to enthral;
And a labourer's lot seems a catch,
For his wages are rarely so small!

THE POOR CLERK'S APPEAL.

Pity the sorrows of a class of men,
Whose troubles few know—fewer still defend ;
Whose sad misfortune 'tis to use a pen,
And on its hard-earned wages to depend.

We are not grumblers, yet, who'd stop the cry
Of him who 'gainst odds desperately fights ?
We work hard, and to be contented try,
Yet though we *write*, we cannot get our *rights*.

Our pay is small, and though provision's dear,
We've made no agitation in the past ;
We've never joined trades *unions*, though we fear
The parish *union* we may join at last !

We have to dress well, though of show not fond,
E'en while our want of food at home o'erpowers,
With men of all conditions *correspond*,
Few whose condition *corresponds* with ours.

They who dress worse, oft say of us, " I'll bet
" That man don't pay his way, he's a big rogue."
No want of principle leads us in debt,
But want of cash, alas ! too much in vogue.

We make out bills, keep books, collect accounts,
Despatch no end of goods, and write the dockets ;
While through our hands pass very large amounts,
Its very small ones pass into our pockets.

To try to make ends meet in time we cease,
Finding we really cannot pay our way;
For though our families each year increase,
We seldom get an increase in our pay.

By education gentlemen we are,
As such the world expects us all to pass;
Subscribe to this and that, with nought to spare,
Though *spare* our income 's always been, alas!

An artisan on thirty "bob" a week
Is far more happy, oftentimes, than we:
The world's opinion he need never seek,
To dress as he can best afford he's free.

No pride e'er robs his pocket or his purse;
'Tis little he pays out—more he'll receive;
While cruelly hard we have to live, what's worse.
Whene'er we die we've nought but debts to leave.

Hard work and under-pay, we do contend,
In this good Christian land should be no more;
We help make fortunes, which our masters spend—
Our *fortune* always has a *mis* before.

In the year 1873 an official of the London and North Western Railway Company, stationed at Burton-on-Trent, which is celebrated for its breweries, committed a most ingenious fraud, by which means he secured over £3,000, and for which he was prosecuted and convicted. When receiving bills of exchange in payment of accounts due to the Company, he appropriated them to his own use, paying them into a private banking account which he opened, and remitted forged fac-similes to the Company's cashier, afterwards meeting the dishonoured forgeries which were sent to him to obtain cash from the acceptor, by further cash raised by a subsequent such fraud. The circumstances suggested the following lines :—

AN *UNACCOUNTABLE* TRANSACTION.

Johnny Sloper was agent at Burton-on-Trent
For the L. and N.W.R. ;
With the pay he received he was scarcely content :
There are very few persons who are.

"Amongst Brewers," he said, "men are handsomely paid,
"But I scarce can buy clothing and food ;
"While I daily see fortunes by *brewing* are made,
"Over troubles alone do I *brood*.

"On the Railway you seldom obtain a good berth,
"Though for years in the service you stop :
"Get few *steps* in advance, tho' unquestioned your worth,
"But in breweries many a *hop*."

So he asked for promotion, but got this reply,—
"Application received, but 'no go!'
"Though the price of provisions and rent may be high,
"Yet the dividends still they are low."

But poor Sloper resolved without further delay
He would try what some bounce would effect;
As *Directors* refused him an *increase* in *pay*,
He would *pay* his own *increase direct*.

So when "Bills" for the Railway accounts he received,
He put forgeries into the till;
And when persons paid him with a *Bill of exchange*,
Paid himself by *exchanging the Bill*.

And he prosper'd,—at least seemed to do pretty fair,
Till the Company had some good grounds
For suspecting he'd played an *appropriate* air
To the tune of three thousand odd pounds.

So they charged him with forgery, when he confess'd
That he had, though with bitter regrets,
Thought that as he could not pay his *Bills*, it was best
That the "*Bills*" should be made pay his debts.

The Directors resolved that the case was so sad,
That his service with them must now cease;
As he'd yielded himself to a *policy* bad,
He must now yield himself to *police!*

So he learnt by his fate that when *principle's* gone,
Man's best *interest* has vanish'd as well;
For the hopes of a rogue are of all most forlorn,
And his prospects are only a *cell!*

A MOTTO SONG.

IF YOU CAN'T DO HIM GOOD, DON'T DO HIM HARM.

Music by Fisher Simpson. Published in Pillow's Portfolio, by Pillow and Co., Liverpool and Manchester.

A few copies in sheet music may be obtained from the Author and Composer, Stafford Place, Rutland Street, Leicester. Price 1s. 6d.

THERE's a motto that all would do well to regard,
Though the task may appear not unfrequently hard,
It will soften life's troubles, and lighten each care,
And will shower around us rich blessings and rare.
If a friend's reputation is being attack'd,
Or his memory censured for virtues he lacked,
Remember a maxim, in which there's a charm,
"If you can't do him good, why then, don't do him harm."

There are some folks whose hearts and whose minds are so small,
That they glory and gloat over those who may fall ;
But to help those in need 'tis but little they care,
While they circulate scandal whenever they dare.
But whenever you hear ill-report of a friend,
Be not hasty to listen—but quick to defend ;
And remember this maxim, in which there's a charm,
"If you can't do him good, why then, don't do him harm."

Then three cheers for the man who true sympathy shews,
And can feel for another's misfortune and woes ;
Who'll help those in need with a hearty good will,
And a neighbourly duty is glad to fulfil.
Who will shun all who pilfer another's good name,
Or are jealous of other's good fortune and fame ;
Who remembers this maxim, in which there's a charm,
"If you can't do him good, why then, don't do him harm."

IN MEMORIAM

OF

THE LATE MR. COUNCILLOR JOHN BARRS.

Pause for a while, life's business suspend,
To mourn the loss of one more faithful friend!
Who has most suddenly been called from earth,
And bear a last sad tribute to his worth.
In life he sought,—though oft misunderstood,
With deep solicitude, the public good:
With firmness did his principles maintain,
Yet never willingly inflicted pain.
His noble sense of duty oft impell'd
Him boldly to maintain the views he held;
Yet fairness,—for his firmness made amends,
Political opponents were his friends.

In morals he was blameless; yet was stirred
To kindly sympathy to'ards such as erred.
How many for whose good he worked, and fought,
Will miss his cheering counsel and support?
Full early, ere his laurels all were won,
The sudden warning came—"thy work is done."
And he was gone, as he began to loom,
E'en as a flower pluck'd in fullest bloom!
A star eclipsed with lustre at its height,
A warrior fallen in the thickest fight!
Yet, let us not feel downcast, nor depress'd,
He is not dead,—he has but *gone to rest!*

DESTITUTE!

Ragged and torn,
Wretched and worn,
Eyes sunken deep,
Long ceased to weep.
Cheek hollow and flushed,
Hope has been crushed,
Disease creeps by stealth,
Where once there was health!

Though but a boy,
Lost to all joy,
Laden with care,
Full of despair!
Near broken-hearted,
All comfort departed;
First and the last
Of friendships are past!

Without a home,
Now left to roam,
Stricken by cold
And sorrows untold!
Hail, snow, and rain,
Increasing the pain:
Heart beating fast,
Till it ceases at last!

Wanting a meal,
Yet scorning to steal ;
Honest, but poor,
Yet turned from the door !
None to receive him,
Few will believe him;
Many to chide,
And often deride !

Onward he goes,
Borne down by woes ;
Walking the streets,
No friend he meets :
Until, at length,
Losing all strength,
He closes his eyes,—
He sinks, and he dies !

Dies of starvation,
Want, and privation !
None give a helping hand,
Though in a Christian land !
Money is squandered,
Yet, he has wandered
Shoeless, and penniless,
Wanting both food and dress !

Dies ! there are none to save
Him from a pauper's grave !
No one to sympathise,
None e'en to close his eyes !
Where is the love of man,
Helping where e'er he can ?
Boasted prosperity !
Christian sincerity !

Thus, sadly, drearily,
Many both live and die!
Losing their strength and health,
Starved in the midst of wealth!
Too proud to beg a meal,
Too honest far to steal;
Cursing propriety,
Shaming society!

RIPTON MANOR HOUSE.

A Tragedy.

'Twas on a frosty winter's night,
Just at the time of grouse,
A fashionable party met
At Ripton Manor House.
Just twelve months since young Squire Holt
Had reached maturity;
And also had inherited
His Father's property.

Festivities were well maintained,
And all were gay and bright;
No person left the festive scene
Till very late that night.
At length the party all withdrew,
The Manor House was closed;
And all appeared as calm within,
As well might be supposed.

But in that quiet midnight hour
An awful deed was done!
Yet, who the culprit was, has ne'er
Been known to mortal one.
Next morning, in his bed was found
The Squire,—but he was dead!
A ghastly razor wound appeared
Upon his youthful head!

The news soon spread, and filled with dread
The neighbourhood around ;
But as to who had done the deed,
No clue was ever found.
A coroner and jury met,
But scarcely could decide ;
At length, for lack of evidence,
Pronounced it "Suicide!"

Police investigation was
For many months pursued ;
But still, with deepest mystery,
The subject was imbued.
A brother and two sisters slept
Within the house that night,
But neither could they throw upon
The subject any light.

One feature in the case appeared
With strong suspicion fraught;
The murdered man when found, was dress'd
In a shirt newly bought :
While that in which he went to bed
Was no where to be found!
Neither the instrument, with which
Was made the fatal wound!

The Manor House then pass'd into
The younger brother's hand ;
With property for miles around,
And valuable land.
But from that night the brother ne'er
Was known to smile again ;
Nor did he any intercourse
With fellow-men maintain!

He lived a sad, reclusive life,
And was approached by none ;
While all his former friends he seemed
Most rigidly to shun.
The Manor House, so long renowned
For gaiety and life,
Was after years the subject of
A bitter legal strife !

The land became neglected, and
No crops upon it grew ;
The fruit was blighted yearly, and
The timber none would hew.
All flowers seemed to wither, and
The grass was never green ;
The corn grew up so sickly, that
It hardly paid to glean !

But not alone the land seemed curs'd,
Tho' once so fresh and fair ;
The mournful Master never had
A child, so had no heir.
The Sisters also childless died,
And thus 'twas clearly known,—
That at the brother's death, th' Estate
Would pass unto the Crown.

At length,—one morning, just ten years
From that sad, festive night,
The servants at the Manor House
Were filled with awful fright!
Finding their Master did not rise
As usual from bed,
They burst his chamber door, and found
Him lying cold and DEAD !

Before him lay a razor, stained
With blood for many years ;
The missing shirt was also there,
Covered with bloody smears !
'Twas thought these ghastly tokens
Of the crime he did commit ;
He'd been inspecting overnight,
And fall'n dead in a fit !

THE MISER.

Gold ! gold ! gold !
'Tis the cry of the young and the old :
Gold ! gold ! gold !
Tho' possessing now riches untold :
'Tis the midnight dream
And the daylight theme,
And for it all the world may be sold.

Save ! save ! save !
Though it bring a man down to the grave.
Save ! save ! save !
To his gold he becomes but a slave :
He will stint and screw,
A mean action will do,
And will often become a knave.

Fret ! fret ! fret !
From the morning till midnight he'll sweat :
Get ! get ! get !
All is fish that comes into the net:
He'll coax and cajole,
And would sell his own soul
For the passion by which he's beset.

Hoard ! hoard ! hoard !
Not a pleasure will e'er he afford :
Hoard ! hoard ! hoard !
Until by all his fellows abhorr'd.
And the love of pelf
Kills respect for self,
And a friend he will even defraud.

Self ! self ! self !
He becomes but a greedy elf ;
Self ! self ! self !
Though all others be put on the shelf.
He begrudges his pence
Till he loses all sense,
And is wrapt up in love of pelf.

Gold ! gold ! gold !
'Tis the cry of the young and the old ;
Gold ! gold ! gold !
Tho' all comforts he has to withhold !
Himself he'll deny,
Till he pine and die,
And in death he still grasps his gold.

AN ACROSTIC

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A DIEU to the last of the year that is past,

H ere midst feasting and fun
A new year has begun,
P arted friends meet again, and unite in one strain,
P leasant hours are pass'd,
Y et e'en they cannot last !

N ow away with the flask,
E very one to his task,
W ith a hearty good will, every duty to fulfil.

Y ear by year bring you joy,
E ver free from alloy :
A nd where e'er you may wend,
R ichest blessings attend.

T rusty friends may you find, both forgiving and kind,
O verlooking offence, shewing sound common sense.

Y et, if comforts are few,
O r your friends prove untrue,
U nder bitterest care, never yield to despair.

A nd life's task being done,
L et us, every one,
L eave, far better than fame, a pure, unsullied name.

ACROSTICS.

M ODEST in manner, and most kind in heart,
I mage of grace and virtue every part,—
N ot prone to pride, but pleasing in her ways,
N one know her well, but love to speak her praise.
I f any wish to know this lady's name,
E xtract *six* letters, and you have the same.

J EALOUS of rights, she guards them religiously ;
A ctive in habit, she works most prodigiously :
N ever says die, while a hope yet remains,
N o one more readily passion restrains.
E agerly works to accomplish her ends,
T rue to her word, ever firm to her friends ;
T rusted by many, betrayer of none,
E ver kind to the poor, for whom much she has done.

C RUEL thou art to all men thou dost meet,
L oving to bring them suppliant at thy feet ;
A nxious to win their love, only to treat
R oughly their broken hearts!—Mind you don't, Miss,
A time too often play a game like this.

K INDNESS itself when pleased,
A ngel, if she's not teased ;
T read on her toes, and you'll find out
E xactly how she makes a *pout*.

B RIGHT may thy future prospects ever be,
E moluments most lavish thy reward;
N o failures, nor reverses, follow thee,
J ust praise, well earned, may all to thee accord.
A ccustomed to prosperity, through life
M ay you with grace, humility preserve,
I ncrease in peace, avoid all needless strife,
N ever receive aught less than you deserve.

C OURTED by all whose friendship you should prize,
R ich in good works, be virtuous and wise:
I ndulgent, helping others as you rise.
S hould fortune smile, and friends be great and true,
P roof may you be 'gainst flattery and praise:
I f fortune frowns, and friends are poor and few,
N ever despair,—but hope for better days.

S AVING never,
P aying ever,
E mpty headed,
N ever dreaded.
D aily swindled
T ill have dwindled
H is resources.—
R acing horses
I f he touches
F inds his ruin
T hickly brewing.

A TOPICAL VERSE,

WRITTEN FOR THE PANTOMIME, 1874.

THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL,

UPON THE DEATH OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.

I WOULD I had the power to
  Restore the dead to life :
With all its joys and usefulness,
  Without its cares and strife.
I'd bring back many gallant men
  Who this night breath no more ;
We still should have a LIVINGSTONE
  In eighteen-seventy-four.

E. LAMB, PRINTER, GRANBY PLACE, LEICESTER.

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